

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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The Professor of Milan[★]

THE PROFESSOR went swimming off Capri and he swam wearing his wrist-watch. It was waterproof—perfectly safe to swim with.

But then—calamity! The strap buckle was loose, and it came undone. Vainly the professor tried to save his watch; sadly he saw it twinkle and disappear into the green depths of the sea. And he returned to shore convinced that his watch was gone for ever.

But back on shore, he remembered the divers. They were working on sunken ships close to where he had been swimming. He asked them to keep an eye open for his watch.

The next time they dived, a week later, they remembered that request, and looked around for the watch. And—yes, they found it, and brought it gingerly to the surface.

And when on dry land they examined it, they gazed at it in stupefaction. For that watch that had lain on the sea bed a whole week was still keeping perfect time.

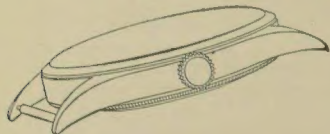
Incredible? Not at all. The watch was a Rolex Oyster Perpetual. The Oyster case—that amazing product of the inventive skill of Rolex designers, had protected the movement from salt water and the clinging, insidious sand, and the Rolex Perpetual self-winding mechanism had kept it wound. The Rolex “rotor,” the secret of the success of the Perpetual, does not work on the “jerk” principle. A complete semi-circle of metal, rotating on an axis, it turns and spins at the slightest movement. And in this case, it was the gentle tug of the waves that actuated it!

Well, that's what happened to one particular Rolex watch. And the professor got his watch back unharmed. But now, he's careful when he goes swimming. For next time, there may be no divers to find it!

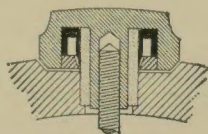
Doesn't apply to you? You're not likely to drop your watch in the Mediterranean? True—but *all* watches have enemies—dust, damp, dirt, perspiration—and the sort of watch that will tell the time at the bottom of the sea will hardly be affected by ordinary hazards. And remember that the Rolex Perpetual isn't self-winding just to save you the trouble of winding it up. A self-winding watch tends to be more accurate than a hand-wound watch because the tension on the main spring is much more even, much more constant. Yes, a Rolex Perpetual is made to *be* accurate and *stay* accurate.

★ This is a true story, taken from a letter written by the professor concerned (Professor Cutolo of Milan University) to the Rolex Watch Company. The original letter can be inspected at the offices of the Rolex Watch Company, 18 rue du Marché, Geneva, Switzerland.

“They found it and brought it gingerly to the surface. On dry land, they held it in their hands and gazed at it with stupefaction.”



The new, *slim* Oyster case has arrived at last—and as from now is gracing all Rolex Oyster Perpetuals.



Another Rolex first—the Phantom Crown: waterproof, even when pulled out for hand-setting! Another proof of Rolex leadership.

This is a Rolex Oyster Perpetual Datejust—and it is in a class by itself. The accuracy is of the highest standard—*Rolex* standard. The waterproof Oyster case protects that accuracy, and the Perpetual self-winding “rotor” safeguards it by maintaining an even tension on the mainspring. (The Rolex Red Seal is a sign used by Rolex to show that the watch to which it is attached has been successfully submitted to the tests of the official Testing Stations of the Swiss Government, and has been awarded its own Official Timing Certificate together with the proud title of *chronometer*.)



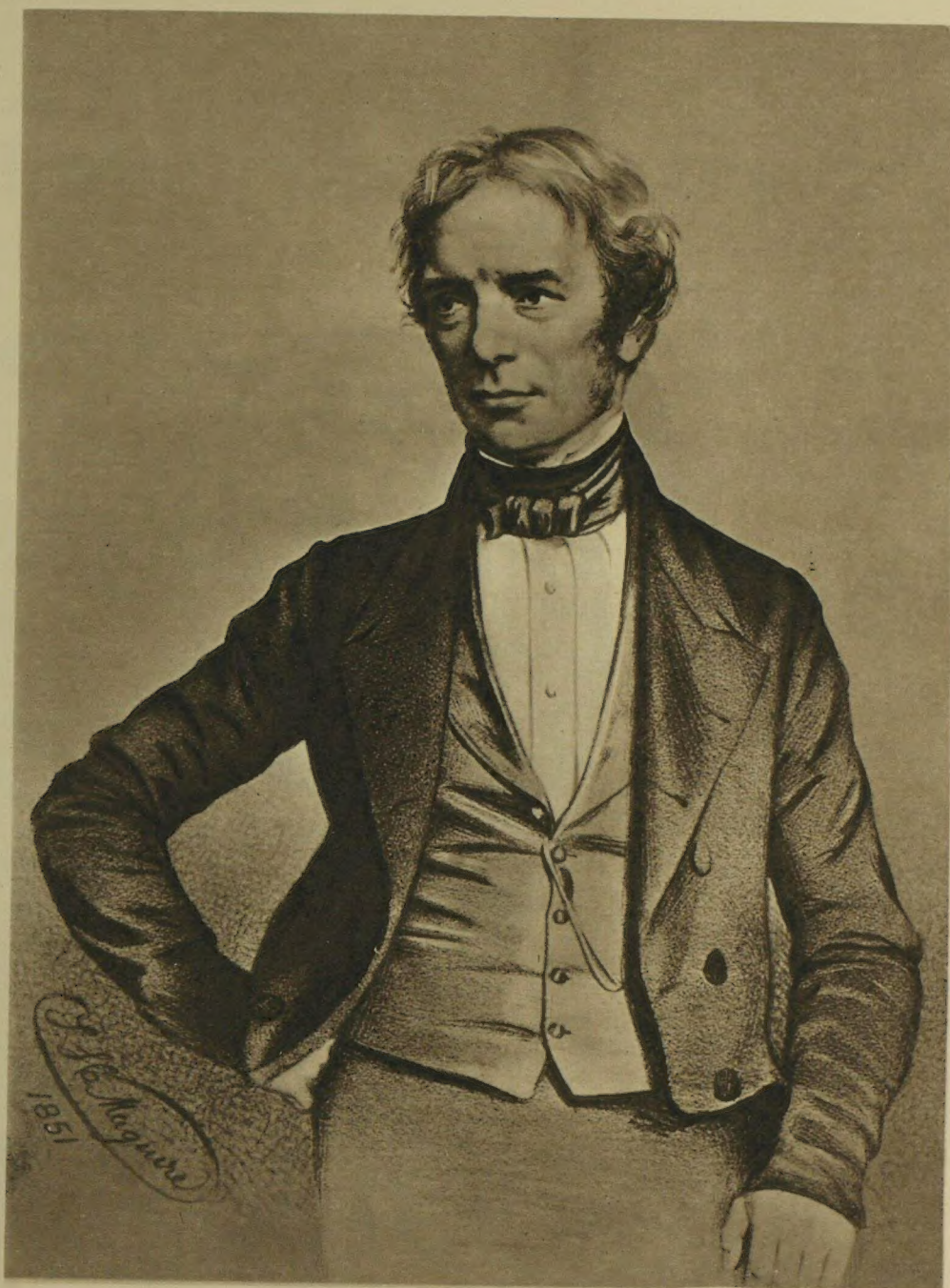
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Associated Electrical Industries (for that is what A.E.I. stands for) are proud to follow where Faraday led. A.E.I.'s research is in the Faraday tradition.

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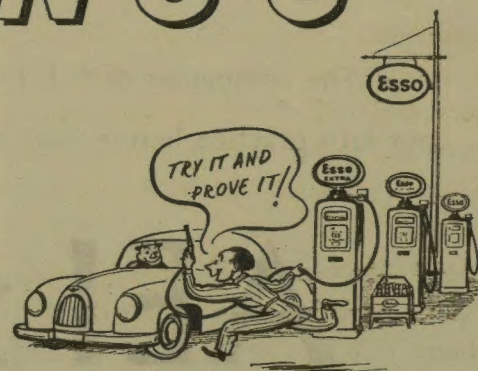
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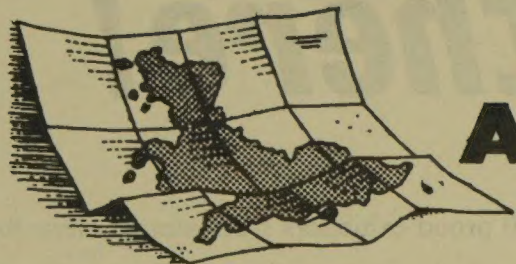
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WITH **N.S.O.** (ESSO PATENT)



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Special Mechanical Features. Preselector fluid transmission; automatic chassis lubrication; 75 b.h.p., OHV, 6 cylinder engine; laminated torsion bar suspension; water heated induction manifold; 11" brakes with 148 sq. ins. surface; 33 ft. turning circle.

Fine Quality Fittings and Finish. High quality

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Long Life and Easy Maintenance. Precision engineering and rigid standards of manufacture and inspection ensure characteristic Daimler feature of long life. The mechanical perfection of fluid transmission and epicyclic gear box plus full automatic chassis lubrication achieve the ultimate in owner

convenience and ease of maintenance. Only by seeing *and* driving the Daimler 'Conquest' can you appreciate the reasons for its recognised success.

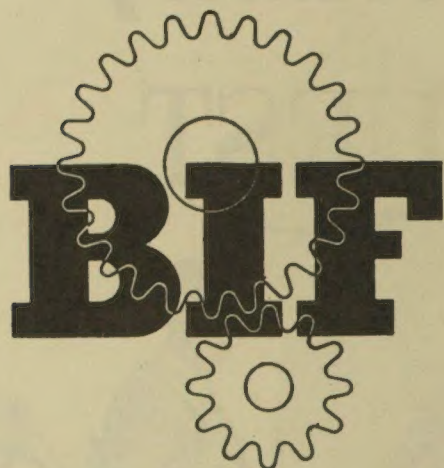
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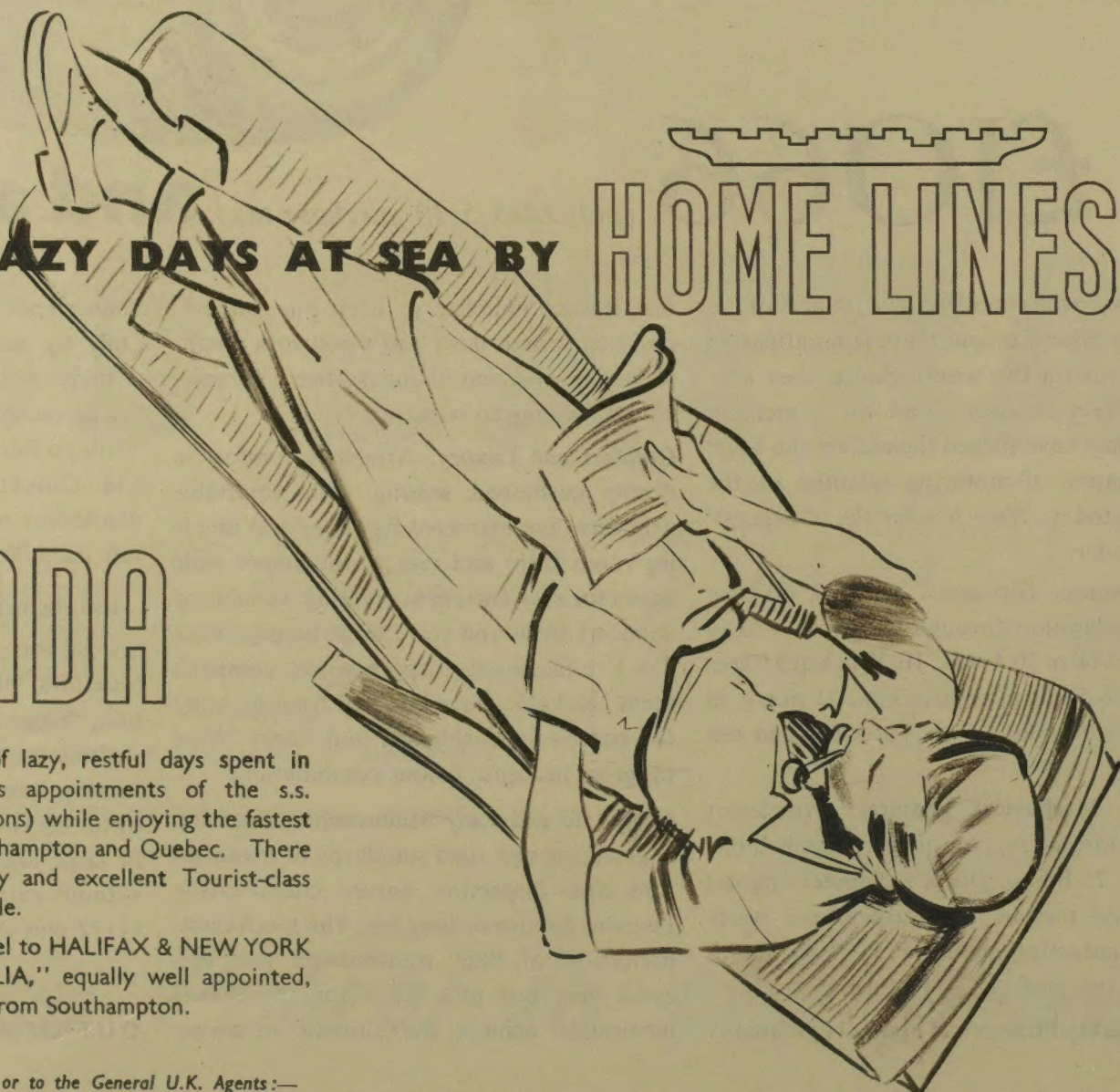
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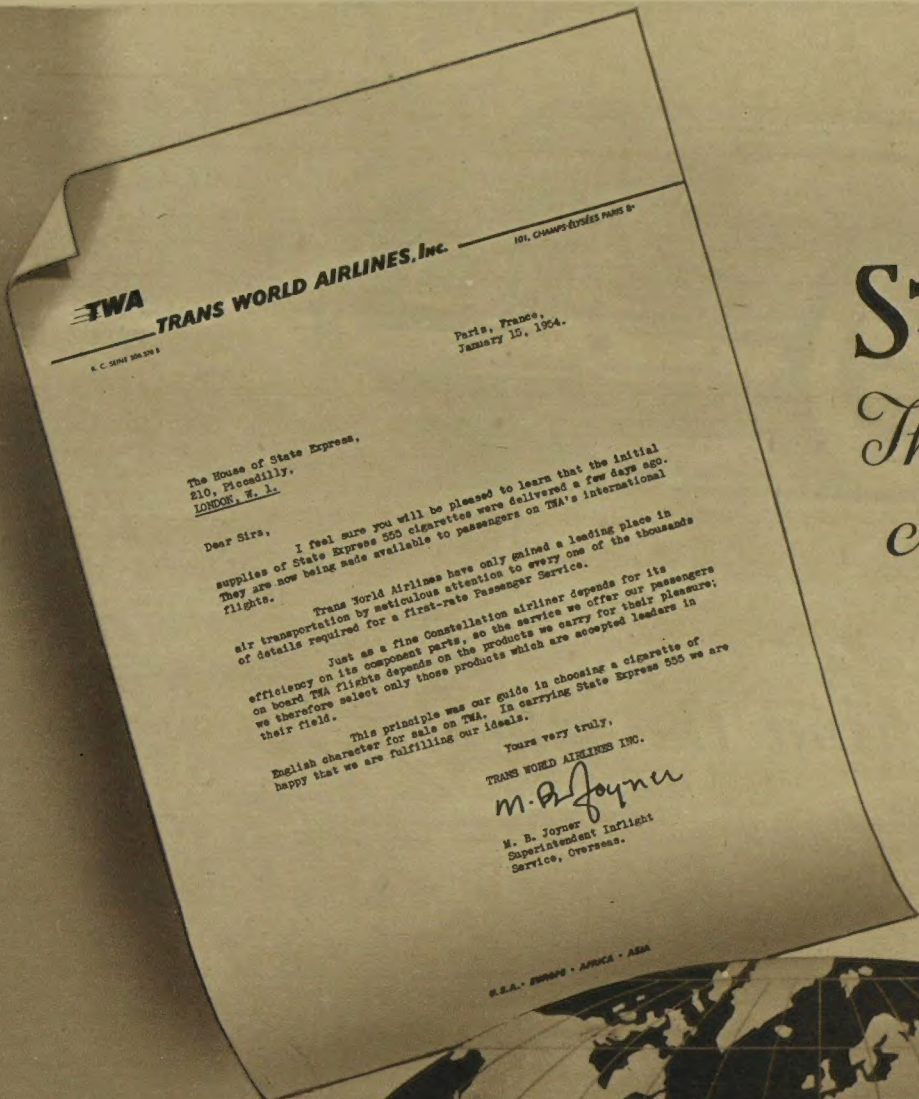
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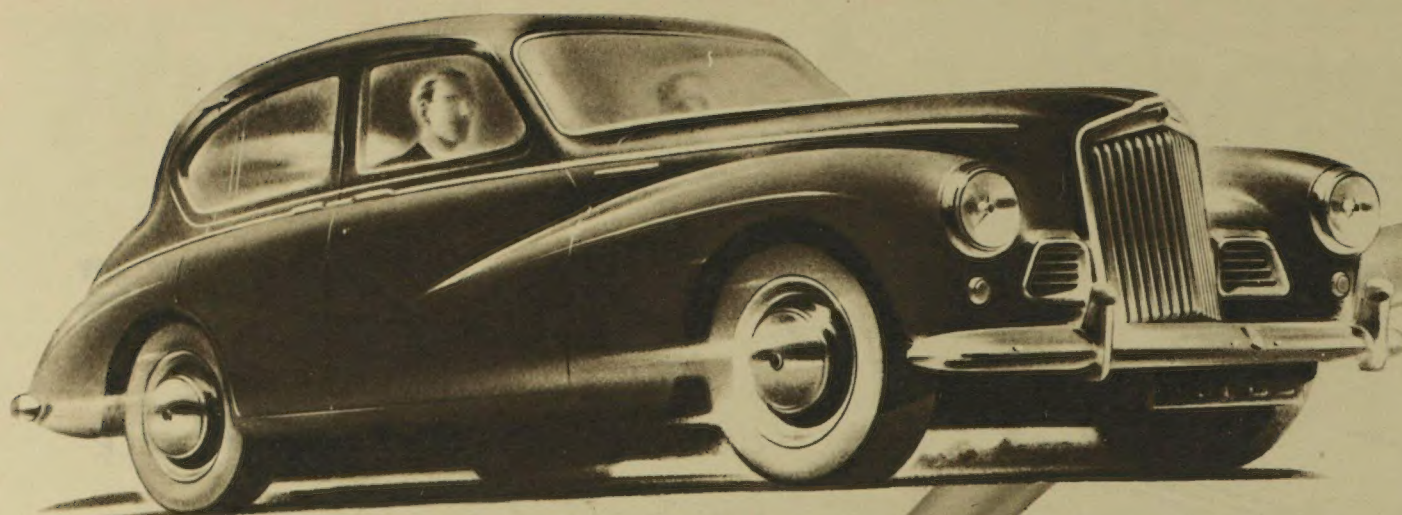
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its superb road holding! This is a
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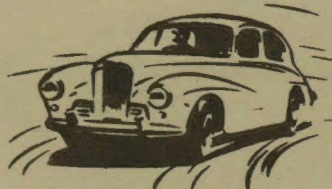
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what it can do on every new hill.



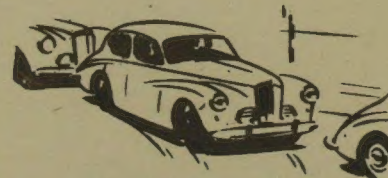
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1954.



THE MOST THRILLING GRAND NATIONAL FINISH SINCE THE WAR: MR. J. H. GRIFFIN'S ROYAL TAN (BRYAN MARSHALL UP, RIGHT) WINNING BY A NECK FROM MRS. TRUELOVE'S TUDOR LINE (G. SLACK UP).

The huge crowds at Aintree saw a thrilling finish to the 1954 Grand National when *Royal Tan* (Tartan—Princess of Birds), brilliantly ridden by Bryan Marshall, won by a neck from Mrs. Truelove's *Tudor Line*, with G. Slack up, with Lord Sefton's *Irish Lizard* third. It was an Irish triumph. For the second year in succession the winner was owned by Mr. J. H. Griffin and trained by V. O'Brien, the outstanding Irish National Hunt trainer since the war, and ridden by Bryan Marshall. Mr. Griffin thus joins Major Noel Furlong of *Reynoldstown* fame, and Sir Charles Assheton-Smith, owner of *Jerry M.* and *Covercoat*, as the only other owners to have won the National twice running in this century. Marshall's feat

equals those of George Stevens and Mr. J. M. Richardson, the only other riders to have won the National in the same colours in consecutive years, Stevens with Lord Coventry's *Emblem* (1863) and *Emblematic*, and Mr. Richardson with Captain Machel's *Disturbance* (1873) and *Reugny*. There were twenty-nine runners in this year's race; and only nine finished. *Royal Tan* started at 8 to 1. He is ten years old, was bred in Co. Tipperary by Mr. Toppin, trained there and ridden by a jockey born there. He was bought by V. O'Brien for Mr. Hyde and sold through him to Mr. Griffin. The day was marred by four fatal accidents to *Coneyburrow*, *Legal Joy*, *Dominick's Bar* and *Paris New York*.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

ONE of the mysteries of our age is the store it sets on speed. To one who grew up in an age which attached no especial importance to this particular human attainment, it is often quite bewildering. To travel fast to-day, it seems, is almost the finest thing man can do; racing motorists and record-breaking airmen are not only national, but international, heroes. There is only, in popular esteem, one higher species of being: the man or woman who can make really arresting faces or gestures on a cinema or television screen. The one is called an "ace," the other a "star." They have taken the place of the statesmen and divines, great soldiers and sailors, who held the place of national honour when I was a boy. They have become more important even than millionaires and successful athletes!

Why this should be so is not easy to say. Whatever the amusement and relaxation provided for the multitude by the inventions of cinema and television—and it is certainly very, very great—it is hard to see what particular advantage has been conferred on the ordinary citizen by the gift of rapid propulsion. On the contrary, one can think of many grave disadvantages which have arisen from it and which did not exist half a century ago. At that time there was no danger of the plain man's home being blitzed and his life destroyed by raiding aeroplanes or rocket-bombs, there was no possibility of a burning aircraft crashing through his roof or

and, though the world is threatened with disaster as a result, he appears to like it!

I am dazed, indeed, by it myself! I have just been reading in the paper of a new plan by the Government to spend £10,000,000 more of the taxpayers' money—mine and Bill Burstpipe's—on enlarging Gatwick Airport so that the few who are able to travel by air can do so even faster than at present. This means, of course, that either Bill and I will have to work harder to pay the extra taxes necessitated by such expenditure or do without things we want in order to release the labour and materials required for the further enlargement of this jumping-off ground for speedy travellers. It also means, as always happens in these cases, that a number of people who have the misfortune to live in the neighbourhood of the airport will be deprived of their homes, livelihood and familiar neighbourhood. The full scheme, the counsel for the Ministry of Transport and Civil Aviation explained—for there is, of course, a Government Department for furthering such improvements in man's lot—would mean the demolition of seventy-six houses, eight flats and two hotels. It would also mean the acquisition of thirteen farms or small holdings, a nursery garden, a petrol station, a motor-engineering workshop, a recreation-ground and a greyhound-racing establishment; while 7000 trees would have to be cut down or lopped. One

village would be almost completely wiped out, and four others seriously affected. "Nearly 100,000 people in Horley, Crawley New Town, and the surrounding countryside," the chairman of the local Protest Association is reported to have said, "stand to lose by the noise and loss of amenities which would be caused if Gatwick Airport becomes the main alternative to London Airport."* And if not Gatwick, I suppose it will be somewhere else.

As for the massacre on the roads, I have already written on that subject recently on this page: 5070 killed, 56,452 seriously injured, and 164,998 slightly injured are the figures for 1953. How small it makes the occasional polio or small-pox epidemic figures seem, about which an outcry is always

made in the newspapers, or the alleged risks to life and limb from falling elm-branches, to avert which town and country alike are being denuded of the most characteristic and beautiful of English trees! The motor vehicle is by far the most lethal weapon in peacetime Britain. It is far more lethal than the gangster's gun. Every two-and-a-half minutes, night and day, throughout the year, some citizen of this country is killed or injured in a road accident. And the reason the accident occurs, in almost every case, is that someone is travelling so fast that he or she cannot stop in time to avert disaster. The convenient argument, so dear to the Ministry of Transport and to a harassed and overworked police-force, that speed has little to do with the accident rate was met, once and for all, in a gentle but devastating broadcast that Max Beerbohm delivered eighteen years ago. "Nor do I dispute," he said, "the proposition that Speed in itself is no danger. A cannon-ball fired from a cannon is not in itself dangerous. It is only dangerous if you happen to be in the way of it. You would like to step out of its way; but there is no time for you to do so. Perhaps it would like to stop short of you; but it can't; it is going too fast. That is what motorists are doing even when in 'built-up areas' they obey the speed-limit of thirty miles an hour: they are going too fast. It would be unreasonable to expect them to impose on themselves a speed-limit of twenty miles an hour. But this is the limit which should—and sooner or later will be—imposed on them. Whether this slowing-down of traffic will cause a great or a small loss of national income, is, I am told, a point on which expert economists are not agreed. What is certain is that it will save annually a very vast number of lives."†

THE RESTORED AND REDEDICATED CHOIR OF THE TEMPLE CHURCH.



REDEDICATED BY THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY IN THE PRÉSENCE OF QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER, BENCHER OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE, ON MARCH 23: THE CHOIR OF THE TEMPLE CHURCH, RESTORED AFTER ITS DEVIATION DURING THE WAR AND AGAIN ADORNED WITH THE WREN REREDOS, WHICH HAS BEEN ABSENT SINCE 1840.

As reported in our last issue, the restored choir of the Temple Church was rededicated on March 23 by the Archbishop of Canterbury in the presence of Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother. Our photograph shows the choir in its present condition. It has been completely restored except for the exterior roof, which is at present protected by a temporary asbestos roof, not visible from outside. The nave—that is, the old circular church—is not yet restored, and it is cut off from the choir by a temporary screen. As can be seen from the photograph, the choir is now brilliantly light and airy, lit by windows which are of plain glass, except for the modern stained-glass East window. The gleaming pillars of polished Purbeck marble replaced those damaged in the war; and a notable feature is the Wren-designed altar screen or reredos. This screen was designed by Sir Christopher Wren in 1682, and has been ascribed to Grinling Gibbons, but contemporary accounts would seem to imply that the carving is rather the work of William Emmett, a liveryman of the Company of Joiners of that time. When the Temple Church was restored in 1840, this reredos was sold and acquired by the Bowes Museum, Barnard Castle. It has recently been bought back from the Museum by the Inner and Middle Temples and reinstalled in the place for which it was designed. The architect for the whole of the present restorations is Mr. Walter Godfrey, in association with Messrs. Carden and Godfrey.

against the speed-fiend and the promoter of speed. I can see no sign whatever of such a revulsion; the rape of our soil for airfields and the massacre on our roads, as well as the toll of air-travel on the lives of what are called V.I.P.s, continue unchecked without a flicker of protest except from a few outmoded, old-fashioned, middle-aged or elderly parties like myself, or from a handful of outraged locals who are contemptuously dismissed by the rest of the world as the selfish owners of vested interests trying to bar, like Canute the tide, the path of progress. The most curious and unaccountable fact in all is that the "common man"—that prototype of the "vast majority" whose supposed service is almost the chief remaining idealism of our era—derives no apparent benefit at all from all this speeding by land and air. He does not participate in it himself, for it is confined almost entirely to the rich and the professionals of speed. Bill Burstpipe, the plumber, and his missus and kids, never break the sound barrier or travel to Paris in the hour. It is not for them that the racing cars are made and the *Comets* designed; it is not for their benefit that villages are flattened and food-producing farms sacrificed to hasten the speed of air transport for millionaires, film-stars and high official and commercial functionaries. So far as the ordinary man enjoys the conveniences and delights of speed, he only does so vicariously in the picture-house or in front of his television-set. Perhaps one day he will wake up and ask what he is getting from it all. But at present, like, indeed, the glittering beneficiaries of speed themselves—the magnates and their ladies who are borne about the world so fast and at such risk to their own necks—the common man appears to be in a trance. He is punch-drunk with the sight and sound of whirling wheels and propellers and jets. He has swallowed the whole, magician's box-of-tricks

A DISASTER AT SEA: THE BRITISH TROOPSHIP *EMPIRE WINDRUSH* ON FIRE.

ABLAZE FROM STEM TO STERN OFF ALGIERS: THE BRITISH TROOPSHIP *EMPIRE WINDRUSH*, WHICH LATER SANK AFTER SHE HAD BEEN TAKEN IN TOW BY THE DESTROYER *SAINTES*.



CUTTED BY FIRE: THE BURNING TROOPSHIP, *EMPIRE WINDRUSH*, AS SEEN FROM THE AIR OFF ALGIERS. THE FIRE STARTED IN THE ENGINE-ROOM.



BELCHING FORTH SMOKE AS THE FIRE RAGES FIERCELY: THE TROOPSHIP *EMPIRE WINDRUSH*. THE DUTCH SHIP *MENTOR* STANDS BY TO PICK UP SURVIVORS.



WAITING TO GO ALONGSIDE THE DUTCH SHIP *MENTOR*: A BOATLOAD OF SOME OF THE 1500 SURVIVORS FROM THE ILL-FATED TROOPSHIP *EMPIRE WINDRUSH*.



CROWDING THE DECK OF THE DUTCH CARGO SHIP *MENTOR*: BRITISH SERVICEMEN RESCUED FROM THE TROOPSHIP *EMPIRE WINDRUSH*, LATER LANDED AT ALGIERS.

The 14,651-ton British troopship *Empire Windrush*, homeward bound from the Far East with more than 1500 men, women and children aboard, was abandoned as a total loss some twenty miles west of Algiers on March 28, after a fire had broken out in her engine-room. Four members of the crew perished in attempting to fight the blaze. All the remainder on board were rescued and safely landed at Algiers. Soon after they had learned of the distress of *Empire Windrush*, five ships—the P. & O. cargo liner *Socotra*, the Dutch cargo-steamer *Mentor*, the Italian ships *Helmschel* and *Taigete*, and the Norwegian ship *Hemsefjell*, were

among those who went to her aid and succeeded in rescuing survivors from the sea and from the troopship's lifeboats. There were 1268 servicemen of the Army, the Navy and the R.A.F. on board, and most of the 160 women and children were relatives of the servicemen. The *Empire Windrush* was commanded by Captain W. Wilson. She was due at Southampton on April 2 from Kure, Japan, having called *en route* at Hong Kong, Singapore, Colombo, Aden and Port Said. Formerly the German liner *Monte Rosa*, she was built by Blohm and Voss at Hamburg in 1930, and was taken over by the Ministry of Transport after the war.

THE QUEEN IN SOUTH AUSTRALIA: SCENES IN ADELAIDE, AND THE DUKE'S VISIT TO WOOMERA.



ON March 19, the day after their arrival in Adelaide, the capital of South Australia, the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh embarked on a full round of engagements. In the afternoon the Queen and the Duke went to the Adelaide Oval to watch a cricket match. Sir Donald Bradman, the great cricketer, was presented to the Queen and so were

(Continued below.)

(LEFT.) ARRIVING AT ST. PETER'S CATHEDRAL, IN ADELAIDE, TO ATTEND DIVINE SERVICE ON MARCH 21: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.



ARRIVING AT PARLIAMENT HOUSE TO OPEN THE SECOND SESSION OF THE THIRTY-FOURTH PARLIAMENT OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA: THE QUEEN, WITH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.



WATCHED BY THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH: THE LAUNCHING OF A ROCKET TEST VEHICLE AT THE LONG RANGE WEAPONS ESTABLISHMENT AT WOOMERA. IN THE FOREGROUND IS RADAR EQUIPMENT.



THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT WOOMERA ON MARCH 22: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS INSPECTING A PILOTED VERSION OF THE JINDIVIK RADIO-DIRECTED JET AIRCRAFT.



AT ADELAIDE OVAL ON MARCH 19: THE QUEEN SHAKING HANDS WITH MEMBERS OF THE TWO TEAMS WHO PLAYED IN THE CRICKET MATCH WHICH SHE WATCHED WITH THE DUKE.

Continued.] the members of both teams. On Sunday, March 21, the Queen and the Duke drove to St. Peter's Cathedral, where they were greeted by the Bishop of Adelaide, the Rt. Rev. Bryan P. Robin, and attended Divine Service. On March 22 the Duke flew to Woomera to visit the Long Range Weapons Establishment, where he saw, among other things, the launching of a rocket test vehicle. On March 23 the Queen opened the second session of the 34th Parliament of South Australia in Parliament House. Her Majesty wore a dress of ice-blue slipper satin, with diamond tiara, necklace, earrings and bracelets. The Duke of Edinburgh wore white naval uniform. The occasion drew some of the largest crowds ever seen in Adelaide.



TALKING TO SIR DONALD BRADMAN: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AND THE QUEEN (PARTLY HIDDEN).

AT HOME, ON THE CONTINENT AND IN THE EAST: ROYAL ACTIVITIES.



CONGRATULATING A RECIPIENT OF THE ROYAL NATIONAL LIFEBOAT INSTITUTION MEDAL: THE PRINCESS ROYAL. H.R.H. the Princess Royal on March 23 attended the Annual General Meeting of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution at the Central Hall, Westminster; and presented the medals for gallantry awarded in the past year.



LAYING A SCHOOL WING FOUNDATION-STONE: THE DUCHESS OF KENT. H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent on March 23 visited the Royal Masonic School for Girls, Rickmansworth, Herts, and laid the foundation-stone of the new domestic science wing.



IN STOCKHOLM: QUEEN LOUISE OF SWEDEN, KING FREDERIK OF DENMARK, KING GUSTAF ADOLF OF SWEDEN, QUEEN INGRID OF DENMARK (L. TO R.). King Frederik and Queen Ingrid of Denmark left Copenhagen on March 23 for an official visit to Sweden. In our photograph, out of compliment to each other, King Frederik of Denmark (left) wears Swedish Admiral's uniform, while his host, King Gustaf Adolf of Sweden, wears a Danish Air Force uniform.



SPEAKING AT THE INAUGURATION OF A SUGAR ESTATE AND FACTORY: THE EMPEROR HAILE SELASSIE I.

The development of agriculture in Ethiopia is being undertaken energetically. Our photograph shows the Emperor speaking at the inauguration of a large sugar estate and factory, where it is hoped to produce sufficient sugar to supply Ethiopia and Eritrea. British farm machinery was recently demonstrated at the Imperial Farm, near Addis Ababa.



THE RE-DEDICATION OF TEMPLE CHURCH: THE QUEEN MOTHER AND THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother attended the re-dedication by the Archbishop of Canterbury on March 23 of Temple Church, which was damaged by enemy action in May 1941. It has now been partially restored.



AT A FLOWER DISPLAY IN AMSTERDAM: QUEEN JULIANA OF THE NETHERLANDS EXAMINING THE FINE EXHIBITS.

Queen Juliana of the Netherlands recently paid a visit to the *Amsterflora*, a flower display in Amsterdam, and is seen walking past some of the exhibits. Her Majesty and Prince Bernhard are shortly to welcome the King and Queen of Denmark on a State visit in return for that which she and her consort paid them last year.



KING SAUD OF SAUDI ARABIA IN CAIRO: HIS MAJESTY GREETING THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR, SIR RALPH STEVENSON. King Saud of Saudi Arabia arrived in Cairo on March 20 for a State visit, and left on March 29. The British Ambassador, Sir Ralph Stevenson, called on his Majesty. On the first day of the visit several time-bomb explosions occurred in different parts of Cairo, but little damage was done.



LAND DISTRIBUTION BY THE SHAH: A NEW LANDOWNER KNEELING TO KISS THE ROYAL FEET. The Shah of Persia, in continuation of his distribution of Crown estates, flew on March 22 to Meshed to grant deeds of ownership to 470 peasants. The ceremony, which was attended by Ministers and journalists, was held at a shrine.



GREEK INDEPENDENCE DAY IN ATHENS: KING PAUL AND QUEEN FREDERIKA LEAVING THE CATHEDRAL. King Paul and Queen Frederika of Greece attended a service in the Cathedral, Athens, on March 25, Greek Independence Day, accompanied by their children, Prince Constantine, the Diadoch (their apparent), Princess Irene and Princess Sophia.

"THE GEM OF THAT FAIR GALAXY..."

"DEVON"; By W. G. HOSKINS.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

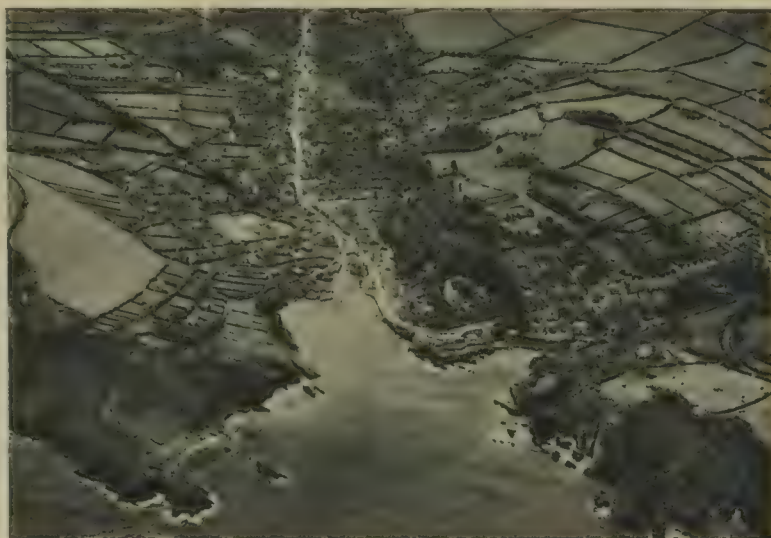
THERE have been all sorts of series dealing with the Counties of England. There have been the rapid surveys by the late Mr. Arthur Mee; there have been the charming and exquisitely illustrated volumes in the "Highways and Byways" Series; there have been Methuen's "Little Guides," containing gazetteers which have given us parish by parish, and especially church by church; and, overshadowing all, there has been, and is, the "Victoria History of the Counties of England." That great work, as Professor Simmons remarks, is not yet half-completed, after fifty years. It dawdles on, like the products of the Historical Manuscripts Commission. Money, naturally, is not available for such things when it is urgently needed for momentous enterprises like the Festival Gardens in Battersea Park, and the erection and demolition of the Dome of Discovery and the Skylon on the South Bank of the Thames. But the V.C.H., even were it completed (and Devon, the county now under consideration, has been only half-surveyed), would not be an article of popular consumption, any more than that great "Oxford English Dictionary" is, which is also meant mainly, in our constricted days, for reference libraries. And, just as a large public is grateful for the "Concise Oxford Dictionary"—which is an admirable boiling-down of the bulkier work—so it may enthusiastically welcome Messrs. Collins' new Series about the Counties, which may reasonably be described as boiling down the contents of the V.C.H. volumes, past, present and to come.

The volume about Devon is the second in the projected Series. The first, which I have not seen, was about Middlesex. There may, I suppose, still be corners of Middlesex which have not yet been engulfed in London. I used to know a man (called Pope, oddly enough) who lived in Twickenham, and said that he was resolved to start a Society of Middlesex Men in London, on the lines of the Yorkshiremen and the Warwickshiremen. Devonshire, at any rate, is not yet engulfed, though there seems to be a plan afoot for putting a London "overspill" in Dorset, which would result in a pathetic wail going up to the heavens beseeching cinemas and fried-fish shops to protect the migrants against the loneliness of the high downs and the stars. Devonshire has not escaped the modern invasion. The military have long commandeered stretches of Dartmoor around Yes Tor, and are reported now to be demanding control over Branton Burrows, one of the last exciting territories for ornithologists and entomologists. Dartmoor, having now been proclaimed a National Park, may shortly become entirely forbidden to the public. Mr. Hoskins is aware of all this.

He surveys the Past, the Present and the Future of his county. Before he comes to the Parish-by-

the landscape. Where he is dark is where all of us are dark. The Romans reached Devonshire late; the Saxons reached it late. Is it possible (he mentions Celtic missionaries in the in-between-time) that Christianity may have persisted in that peninsula between the departure of the Romans and the coming of the Saxons?

Another lot of Germans came later. That was in the last war. Goering did one of his "Baedeker Raids" (Three Stars in the Book) on Mr. Hoskins' native city of Exeter; he also made mass assaults on my own native town of Plymouth. He got St. Andrew's Church; he destroyed the Guildhall (a decent nineteenth-century building which Mr. Hoskins overlooks), and he destroyed what was left of that great central assembly of edifices, the Royal Hotel, the Royal Theatre and the Athenæum (headquarters of a learned body) after the Town Council had begun the nefarious work. I must confess that, having been brought up under the shadow of those buildings, I always thought they were by Decimus Burton. Mr. Hoskins reveals that they were all by John Foulston, who did for Plymouth what Nash did for London. However, alas, it doesn't much matter. Even had Christopher Wren built them they would have been down by now. Roger Bacon, I believe, was the first man in this country to manufacture explosives. I have no desire to put up a monument to him.



COOMBE MARTIN FROM THE AIR: AN EARLY VILLAGE, FOUNDED WELL INLAND, WHICH HAS STRAGGLED DOWN THE NARROW VALLEY TO THE SEA. THE FIELDS SHOW DISTINCT TRACES OF FORMER OPEN FIELDS ON BOTH SIDES OF THE VALLEY. (Aerofilms, Ltd.)

Mr. Hoskins has taken enormous trouble about his book; he has been conscientious and thorough. A man from another county might well think that he had completely covered the ground. So, up to a point, he has. Before I began to read his book (and I have read it twice, and shall always keep it), I took the "sortes." "Has he remembered the Kellys of Kelly," thought I (having known one of them, and they were there for 700 years), and I found that he had. "Did he," thought I, again, "notice the font at Stoke Canon": he records it, though not its elaborate ornamentation, which looks like something out of the Book of Kells. He leaves very little out, and his county patriotism is beyond dispute: he even finds room for a tribute to the achievements of the Devon Regiment.

But he leaves me on the other side of the hill in two regards. The first is geographical. He admits that 300 years ago his ancestors came into Devon

from Dorset; and he himself was born in Exeter. Dartmoor, to him, is an excrescence in the south; and the cliffs by Hartland mere outliers from Cornwall. To me, brought up within sight of the Moor, the Moor is the kernel of Devon, granite and limestone, the heart of the county, and cliffs, whether in the north or the south, the bastions of Devon, the red sandstone merely penumbra of Somerset, and the coast between

Seaton and Lyme Regis a sort of outlier of Dorset, with its colours meant merely for advertisements for British Railways. He has a map showing primitive sites on the Moor; he gives references to all the authorities on the Moor; but the softer lands to the east are in his blood, and his book is not to me redolent of the bogs and the fogs, the gorse and the heather, the boulders and the tors, the little torrents and the little trout, which to me are the essence of Devon.

My other reservation regards sport. Mr. Hoskins is very strong on the economic history: why not?

We must all live. He is good about the agricultural history of the County, and about the rise and fall of the wool trade, and the ups and downs of fishing. But about the red deer of Exmoor he says nothing; as for fox-hunting, I can find in his pages nothing except a few scowling remarks about fox-hunting parsons; cricket is barely mentioned; Rugby, at which the County used to excel (before the urban aggregations were infected by professional Soccer, which he does mention, and took to looking on instead of playing), has not I think, a word; nor have the thoroughly amusing racecourses, including one on the top of Haldon, any notice. When I read his Gazetteer (parish by parish, very well done, as in "The Little Guides"), before reading his book, I looked up Swimbridge, to see what he had to say about Parson Jack Russell, as beloved a Christian gentleman as ever lived. He wasn't mentioned. Nor was he in the index. When I came to the text, I found him referred to as "the futile Parson Jack Russell," and bracketed with another clergyman who had a very unsavoury reputation. At least, thought I, Mr. Hoskins might have let him past his severe scrutiny, as the founder of a breed of dogs which still bears his name: few men, or dogs, have had that sort of honour. But no; Jack Russell was a clergyman, a gentleman and a sportsman: so out he must go.

However, there were Roundheads in Devon in the Civil War. Types persist; and, with the hydrogen



DR. W. G. HOSKINS, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Dr. Hoskins was born in Exeter and lived there for the first twenty-two years of his life. He began collecting notes for a history of Devon at the age of fifteen, and has been walking, observing and making notes there ever since. He has published several books on the history and topography of South-Western England and the East Midlands. In 1948 he became Reader in English Local History at University College, Leicester, and three years later he was appointed Reader in Economic History in the University of Oxford.



TOPSHAM: SALMON FISHERMEN DRYING THEIR NETS BESIDE THE EXE ESTUARY. THERE HAS BEEN A SALMON FISHERY HERE SINCE THE TWELFTH CENTURY. (Western Morning News.)

Parish account of churches, families, monuments, tenures and industries, he gives an historical survey of the County. Prehistoric Monuments, Domesday, Military, Naval and Historical History all come under his view. Geology, also, which so much influences



A DEVONSHIRE LANE IN WINTER: NEAR LIDDATON, IN WEST DEVON, WITH DARTMOOR IN THE BACKGROUND. (Picture Post.)

Illustrations reproduced from the book "Devon"; by courtesy of the publisher, Collins.

bomb threatening us, I suppose that we had better be tolerant. Mr. Hoskins has written a first-class book and, if the rest of the books in the Series are as good as his, nobody will have any reason to complain.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 542 of this issue.

*"Devon." By W. G. Hoskins. A New Survey of England, Edited by Jack Simmons. Illustrations and Maps. (Collins; £2 2s.)

"TRUE TO THEIR OWN GREAT TRADITION": DEFENDERS OF DIEN BIEN PHU.



(ABOVE.) THE BOMBARDMENT BY THE VIET MINH OF THE RED CROSS AT DIEN BIEN PHU: A FRENCH HOSPITAL DAKOTA AND AN AMBULANCE UNDER COMMUNIST SHELL-FIRE ON THE AIRSTRIP OF THE FORTRESS.

(ABOVE.) A COMMUNIST HEAVY SHELL BURSTING ON THE DIEN BIEN PHU AIRSTRIP IN FRONT OF A HOSPITAL DAKOTA. DESPITE SUCH BOMBARDMENT, MANY CASUALTIES WERE EVACUATED BY AIR.



FRENCH TROOPS, VIETNAMESE, ALGERIANS AND THE FOREIGN LEGION HAVE FOUGHT SUPERBLY AT DIEN BIEN PHU, WHERE FRENCH WARFARE SUCCEEDED THE FIRST COMMUNIST ASSAULT.

IN HIS DUG-OUT HEADQUARTERS AT DIEN BIEN PHU: COLONEL DE CASTRIES, THE DISTINGUISHED FRENCH OFFICER COMMANDING THE DEFENDING FORCES.

SINCE THE AIRSTRIP WAS OUT OF ACTION, EXCEPT FOR HURRIED EVACUATION OF THE WOUNDED, REINFORCEMENT IN MEN AND MATERIALS HAS COME BY PARACHUTE.



A FRENCH HOSPITAL HELICOPTER HOVERING OVER FRENCH UNION POSITIONS AT DIEN BIEN PHU. THESE AIRCRAFT HAVE BEEN VERY USEFUL IN EVACUATING THE WORST CASUALTIES.

SOME OF THE WOUNDED IN THE PRIMITIVE HOSPITAL AMONG THE FORTIFICATIONS IN DIEN BIEN PHU. IT HAS BEEN POSSIBLE TO EVACUATE ONLY THE WORST CASES.

Since the report in our last issue of the progress of the battle of Dien Bien Phu, there has been, at the time of writing, no major assault by the Communists, although on March 22 there was a fierce clash at about battalion strength which left the French masters of the field, with heavy casualties among the enemy. The artillery bombardment by the Viet Minh and aerial bombardment by the French have continued, though the Communists appeared to have ceased to use their 108-mm. mortars. On March 27-28, however, a French Union sortie, aimed to increase manœuvring space and to relieve the airstrip, met with resounding

success, some 1000 Viet Minh troops being killed and quantities of materials captured. On March 28 President Eisenhower sent the defenders a message of encouragement, saying: "In common with millions of my fellow-countrymen, I salute the gallantry and stamina of the commander and soldiers who are defending Dien Bien Phu. We have the most profound admiration for the brave and resourceful fight waged there by troops from France, Viet Nam and other parts of the French Union. Those soldiers, true to their own great tradition, are defending the cause of human freedom . . ."

TWENTY-FIVE years ago, the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race celebrated its *centenary*. On April 3 this year it reaches its "century" as well. The time lag is due to two World Wars and to gaps in the early years, before the race had become an annual event.

The Boat Race, like the Derby, has been a national institution almost since its inception. With the encouragement of wireless and television there must be a greater number of people who follow the fortunes of the two crews to-day than ever before.

The first Boat Race was rowed in 1829, two years after the first Oxford and Cambridge Cricket Match. There were no other inter-University contests until the first rackets match in 1855, and Royal tennis in 1859. Of the more popular sports, athletics followed in 1864, but it was not until the 'seventies and 'eighties that Association and Rugby football, golf and lawn tennis joined the list. Thus, at the turn of the century, rowing had a long-standing seniority over all the other games, except cricket. And the days of the great professional scullers were not yet numbered. Such names as Coombes, Hanlan and Beach were remembered as world champions, whilst Towns, Webb and Barry were still to come. The river shared the fame of the professionals, who were national figures of the day. Amateur rowing had not to face the competition of the rival attractions, with greater box-office appeal, which take people elsewhere to-day.

It is a fact that the Boat Race all too often turns out to be a procession. But this does not always mean that the race has been easily won. The English Laws of Boat Racing permit a crew to cross over into its opponent's water, if it can do so without fouling, and this, coupled with the tortuous course of the Thames between Putney and Mortlake, puts a premium on gaining a commanding lead at the strategic points on the course, in particular at Hammersmith and Barnes Bridges. Indeed, it is sometimes said that at these points there are alternative winning-posts for the race.

Inevitably this places a tremendous responsibility on the stroke of a University crew. Harcourt Gold, in his first Oxford crew in 1896, gave a classic example of how the stations, and positions on the course, must be treated. Oxford lost the toss and, on the Middlesex station, lacked the speed to win the race at Hammersmith. They led by a third of a length at Craven Steps, but when the Surrey bend began to favour Cambridge, the Light Blues went up rapidly, and were three-quarters of a length in front at Hammersmith. Theoretically, such an advantage, at the beginning of the Surrey bend, should have been overwhelming, particularly as the water, on that occasion, was very rough in mid-stream. But Oxford made no attempt to challenge Cambridge whilst the station was against them. At Chiswick Steps Cambridge led by a length and a half; but then Oxford began to close the gap. They just prevented Cambridge taking their water at the crossing to Duke's Meadows, drove them, in their turn, out into the rough water at Barnes, and got home to win by two-fifths of a length. In 1901 there was an even more remarkable example. Oxford, stroked by R. H. Culme-Seymour, and again on Middlesex,

THE 100TH OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT RACE: SOME NOTABLE CONTESTS, AND PECULIARITIES OF THE COURSE.

By R. D. BURNELL

Author of the "Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race," who rowed No. 5 in the Oxford Boat 1939, and was an Olympic Gold Medallist, 1948.

led by a few feet at Hammersmith. But above the bridge, faced with rough water on the outside of the Surrey bend, their cox actually gave the order to "paddle," and steered in behind Cambridge. Both crews hugged the Surrey shore until well beyond the usual crossing. Then Oxford sheered out towards Barnes Bridge, and Culme-Seymour began to spurt. At the bridge he was still a length down, but he got his

third of a length ahead at Hammersmith. For the next mile the crews fought it out, Oxford to gain sufficient lead to enable them to take the Middlesex water at the crossing, and Cambridge to prevent them at all costs. At Chiswick Eyot Oxford led by a length. But in the next half-mile the race was over, though Cambridge were still behind. Their Middlesex water was safe and Oxford, though they raced hard to the finish, had shot their bolt.

At the crossing, the boats were level, and at Barnes Bridge Cambridge were three-quarters of a length ahead.

It is a fact that with two evenly matched crews a really close race for the whole distance is unlikely. A lead of not less than a length and a half is needed to cross over, in relative safety, to take the opposing crew's water, though it is sometimes attempted with less. The first Middlesex bend, at Putney, is estimated to be worth two-thirds of a length. The series of Surrey bends which follow are worth, in the aggregate, some two lengths, so that, by the crossing to Duke's Meadows, the Surrey crew has benefited from its station to the extent of a little more than a length and a quarter. The final Middlesex bend neutralises this advantage, and, starting and finishing lines being parallel, the overall distance is the same on either station. But if the Middlesex crew can gain about three-quarters of a length in the first mile and a half, by its own efforts, it can then avoid rowing round the outside of the Surrey bend, and thereby reap a *bonus* of two lengths. It is even more likely that a Surrey crew, in the course of nearly three miles racing, will have gained the mere half length or so necessary to take the Middlesex water at the crossing.

This is theory, of course, but it stood the test of time until 1949, and was not really exploded, even in 1952. By an odd coincidence, these two years, so near to each other, produced two of the most exciting races in Boat Race history, besides the two closest verdicts, except for the dead heat of 1877. In 1949 Oxford, on the Middlesex station, were a bare quarter of a length clear of Cambridge at Hammersmith. With the Surrey bend Cambridge closed up, but they were still only just overlapping at Chiswick Eyot, and the race seemed to be Oxford's. Yet on the outside of the final bend Cambridge fought their way back, to win by a quarter of a length, in the last ten strokes. In 1952, with the stations reversed, the crews overlapped during the whole race. Cambridge

led by two-thirds of a length before the Mile. The crews were level at Hammersmith, and still level at Chiswick Steps and Barnes Bridge. With less than a minute to go, Cambridge faltered, and Oxford got home, to win by a canvas (about 10 ft.). There can scarcely have been four more gallant crews, yet it was their own shortcomings which brought about these close finishes and, paradoxically, the results may well have been the wrong way round. For in 1949 a decisive spurt at Harrods must have given Oxford the race, whilst in 1952 the same was true for Cambridge, at the crossing. Brawn, cool heads and stamina are all needed in the Boat Race. But the solitary *tour de force* will often gain the day.



1912: THE CAMBRIDGE CREW BEING RESCUED AFTER THEIR BOAT HAD SUNK. OXFORD, TOO, SANK THAT YEAR AND THE RACE HAD TO BE RE-ROWED, OXFORD WINNING BY SIX LENGTHS.

This year the hundredth official Boat Race between Oxford and Cambridge Universities is to be rowed. (Blues were not awarded in the four races rowed in 1940, 1943, 1944 and 1945.) Since its inception in 1829, when Oxford won over a course rowed at Henley, there have been five disasters in which one or both of the boats became waterlogged or sank. In 1859 Cambridge sank and Oxford were declared the winners. In 1898 Cambridge were waterlogged, but kept afloat by bladders fixed under the seats. Oxford won easily. In 1912, in appalling weather, both boats sank and in the re-row Oxford won by six lengths. In 1925 Oxford had to retire from the race when their boat became waterlogged. Cambridge completed the course and were awarded the race, but after this the rules were amended to empower the umpire to order a re-row in the event of an early sinking. Lastly, in 1951, Oxford sank only 2½ minutes after the start of the race and in the re-row Cambridge won convincingly by twelve lengths.

crew home, as Gold had done, to win by two-fifths of a length.

More often it will happen the other way, and there will be what looks in the records like a safe margin at the finish. In 1930, for example, Cambridge won by two lengths, yet the race was a desperate one for nearly three miles. Oxford, stroked by C. F. Martineau, were on Surrey, and led by two-thirds of a length at Craven Steps. With the help of the station, Cambridge pulled them back, and the crews were level at the Mile. But try as he would, T. A. Brocklebank, one of Cambridge's greatest strokes, could make no more impression. Indeed, Oxford, with the advantage of station now theirs, were a



1925: THE OXFORD BOAT, WITH THE STERN CANVAS QUITE SUBMERGED, "SHIPPING IT GREEN" SHORTLY BEFORE BEING OBLIGED TO RETIRE FROM THE RACE. THERE WAS NO RE-ROW, AND CAMBRIDGE, WHO COMPLETED THE COURSE, WERE AWARDED THE RACE.



1951: THE OXFORD CREW SHORTLY AFTER THE START OF THE RACE, WITH THEIR BOAT SINKING FAST. WHEN THE RACE WAS ROWED AGAIN CAMBRIDGE WON CONVINCINGLY BY TWELVE LENGTHS.

THE 100TH OFFICIAL BOAT RACE:
THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE CREWS
CHOSEN TO ROW IN TO-DAY'S RACE
FROM PUTNEY TO MORTLAKE.



STROKE: M. J. MARSHALL,
ETON AND JESUS.



NO. 7: J. N. BRUCE,
ST. PAUL'S AND CLARE.



NO. 4: K. A. MASSER, SHREWS-
BURY SCHOOL AND TRINITY
HALL.



NO. 3: D. K. HILL,
SHREWSBURY AND JESUS.



STROKE: J. J. H. HARRISON,
SHREWSBURY SCHOOL AND
TRINITY.



NO. 7: E. O. G. PAIN, SYDNEY
UNIVERSITY AND LINCOLN.



NO. 4: R. D. T. RAIKES,
RADLEY AND MERTON.



NO. 3: J. A. GOBBO, MEL-
BOURNE UNIVERSITY AND
MAGDALEN.



THE CAMBRIDGE CREW SEEN FROM HAMMERSMITH
BRIDGE DURING PRACTICE. (INSET) COX: J. W. TANBURN,
CHARTERHOUSE AND JESUS.



FROM PUTNEY TO MORTLAKE: A MAP OF THE COURSE,
SHOWING THE PRINCIPAL LANDMARKS.



THE OXFORD CREW IN TRAINING JUST AFTER THEY HAD
PASSED HAMMERSMITH BRIDGE. (INSET) COX: *W. R.
MARSH, ST. EDWARD'S AND UNIVERSITY.



NO. 6: C. M. DAVIES,
BRYANSTON AND CLARE.



NO. 5: M. G. BAYNES, BRYAN-
STON AND TRINITY HALL.



NO. 2: J. C. G. STANCLIFFE,
HARROW AND PEMBROKE.



BOW: *J. A. N. WALLIS
(PRESIDENT), BRYANSTON
AND LADY MARGARET.



NO. 6: J. McLEOD, SYDNEY
UNIVERSITY AND NEW.



NO. 5: *H. M. C. QUICK
(PRESIDENT), SHREWSBURY
AND MERTON.



NO. 2: E. V. VINE, GEELONG
GRAMMAR SCHOOL AND
BRASENOSE.



BOW: R. A. WHEADON,
CRANLEIGH AND BALLIOL.

The Boat Race! What excitement these words produce in many people throughout the land each year! To-day, the 100th official Boat Race will be rowed from Putney to Mortlake, and those who do not line the banks and crowd the bridges of the Thames hoping to see the crew of their choice flash by in the lead will be watching the whole race on Television or listening to the commentary on the wireless. Although the Universities have raced together 103 times since the first race at Henley in 1829, the four races during World War II. are regarded as unofficial, since no Blues were awarded. To date, Cambridge have won fifty-four times and Oxford forty-four times, and there has been one dead-heat—in 1877. Cambridge have one member of the crew which won last year—the President,

J. A. N. Wallis; while Oxford have two Old Blues—the cox, W. R. Marsh; and their President, H. M. C. Quick, who also rowed in the victorious Oxford boat of 1952. Four members of the Oxford crew come from Australia: E. O. G. Pain and J. McLeod, both formerly of Sydney University, J. A. Gobbo, Melbourne University, and E. V. Vine, Geelong Grammar School, Victoria. The map which we reproduce above gives a bird's-eye view of the course, which measures 4 miles 2 furlongs. As Mr. Burnell, a former Oxford Blue, points out on another page in this issue, the tactics employed in order to make the most of the bends in the course can play a very important part in the winning or the losing of the race. Mr. K. Payne, a former Cambridge Blue, will umpire the race.

(*AN OLD BLUE).

LOOKING out this morning across the gardens, I decided that the week had come for one of those rare excursions into the world of literature which some readers of this page have been good enough to say they like for a change. The immediate cause of this decision was that my eye fell upon the row of tombstones at the opposite side. I remembered that one of them, opposite the window, had formerly stood at the head of the grave of one of the greatest of English novelists. At the end of the year 1767 Laurence Sterne came to London to see about the publication of "A Sentimental Journey." His health was already declining, though he went about a great deal and visited his friends. He died in his lodgings in Bond Street and "was buried at the new burying-ground belonging to the parish of St. George, Hanover Square . . . and hath since been indebted to strangers for a monument very unworthy of his memory." The wooded lawns, the gardens, allotments, tennis-courts and archery-ground are to-day "the old," not "the new" burying-ground of St. George's.

The tombstones have been placed against the boundary-walls, with the exception of a few surmounting big standing tombs, great sarcophagi which could not be moved without being broken up. One is that of a Whig politician, who once fought a duel with Pitt and the rest of whose career is dismissed by Professor Feiling in his "History of England" in three words: "Few trusted Tierney." Another is that of an excellent painter, Paul Sandby. The lords and ladies who died in the parish were doubtless borne to their family vaults in the country, but a great many affluent and worthy citizens must have been buried here. The stranger in their midst, the writing, painting, fiddling and shooting parson from Yorkshire, dominates them all. Many inscriptions have been obliterated by weather, or almost so. His, however, has been restored. A cousin of mine, like Sterne, a country rector, was rather shocked to find that it was headed: "Alas, poor Yorick!"

The contribution of the Church of England to letters, apart from ecclesiastical literature, is notable. Herrick is surely one of the loveliest of lyric poets. I have no time to dally with the lesser, though I can not forget in passing the portrait beneath or facing which I have so often sat at table, that of Young of "Night Thoughts," Fellow of All Souls. The three giants are truly gigantic and all connected with famous churches: Donne with St. Paul's, Swift with St. Patrick's, Sterne with York Minster. Different as they are, they have in common one quality which comes as a surprise in a divine, lapses in taste and a tendency to what our ancestors called bawdry. In Sterne there is not the boldness of expression which marks the other two, and no sign of the gloomy passion of the first or the ferocity and burning indignation of the second. Sterne was the gentlest of men. Yet his approach to bawdry is that which is theoretically most intolerable and offensive: suggestion, double meaning, titter, mock shyness, stars in the type. A few find it intolerable in him, but I think very few.

One would have to be a severe moralist indeed to quarrel with the story of my Uncle Toby and Mrs. Wadman, though the key to it may be the Widow's curiosity about the effects of Captain Shandy's wound in the groin. One would have to be easily shocked to resent the little disaster caused by Corporal Trim's theft of the weights in the nursery window-sashes at Shandy Hall to provide artillery for the siege models which caused my Uncle Toby so much pleasure. The solution to this problem of taste is simple. It is to be found in genius, combined with wit and kindness. The sentimental path is the most dangerous of all to the novelist, but Sterne walks it with greater assurance than any. And one of the main reasons for this assurance seems to me to be that he is one of the most amusing writers in the language. Here even "Tristram Shandy" must yield to "A Sentimental Journey" with respect to the arrangements made by the traveller and the Piedmontese lady for passing the night in the embarrassingly confined accommodation of the roadside inn.

Still, the longer, more mannered and—for those who do not belong to the Shandean Club circle—less popular "Tristram Shandy," is a far greater work. My Uncle Toby himself would suffice to make it so, even were he not supported by Corporal Trim. Is there any one English book which contains two characters more charming and delightful? There is certainly no other Toby. Another retired warrior, Colonel Newcome, has a touch of him and of his virtue, kindness and simplicity; but by comparison he is often mawkish. Besides, my Uncle Toby is a greater portrait. We know him better, know more about him, see him more clearly and remember him longer. And yet some members of the Shandean Club, and these among his most regular habitués, actually appreciate even more Toby's brother and Tristram's father, Walter. In fact, when we speak of a "Shandyism," we have my Father, not my Uncle Toby, in mind. A Shandyism is a droll reflection, but

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

it is also subtle. My Uncle Toby was not subtle, and his humour was unconscious, but he was the fountain-head of many of my Father's best Shandyisms.

An examination of "Tristram Shandy" is not inappropriate to this page, on which military topics are often handled. Laurence Sterne was the son of Roger Sterne, then Lieutenant in Handaside's Regiment, who was the grandson of Dr. Richard Sterne,



DEMONSTRATING IN RHODES IN FAVOUR OF ENOSIS, THE UNION OF GREECE AND CYPRUS: CROWDS OF STUDENTS OUTSIDE THE BRITISH CONSULATE.

On the occasion of the visit of Archbishop Makarios of Cyprus, leader of the island's movement for Enosis, the union of Greece and Cyprus, a crowd, mostly of students and schoolchildren, demonstrated outside the British Consulate, Rhodes, breaking some windows. Demonstrations also occurred in Athens; and at Patras a threat of anti-British action caused the postponement of a lecture by a member of the British Everest Expedition. It was then arranged for March 27, in Athens; and the King and Queen of Greece signified their intention of attending. Field Marshal Papagos, the Greek Premier, has stated that he intends to prevent any action which might damage Anglo-Greek friendship. Mr. Eden has announced that Britain will not discuss the status of Cyprus with the Greek Government.



THE BRITISH MILITARY CAMP AT DKHELIA, CYPRUS: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE WORK IN PROGRESS, AS IT APPEARS FROM THE CENTRAL TOWER.

It was announced in September 1952 that a large British military camp to accommodate 10,000 troops with their families was to be constructed at Dkhelia, Cyprus, and work has been in progress since then. Mr. Head, Secretary for War, said at that time that there was no question of Cyprus being turned into a military base to replace the Canal Zone; but that a cantonment to house a brigade was to be built. On March 17 last, General Sir Charles Keightley, C-in-C, Middle East Land Forces, and Air Marshal Pelly, C-in-C, Middle East Air Force, arrived in Cyprus for discussions with General Sir Overy Roberts, the Q.M.G., and Air Chief Marshal Sir Whitworth Jones, Member of the Air Council for Supply and Organisation. It was understood—unofficially—that their talks would cover the situation in the Middle East, with particular reference to the possible use of Cyprus as headquarters when, and if, the Canal Zone is evacuated.

Archbishop of York. Two years after the birth of Laurence, Roger Sterne's regiment and he himself were broke, on the conclusion of the War of the Spanish Succession. Though Roger returned to the active list, he spent much of his time in home stations with his family, with opportunity to tell Laurence tales of the wars. His personality certainly had a place in the great picture. "My father . . . was most patient of fatigue and disappointments, of which it pleased God to give him full measure—he was in his temper somewhat rapid and hasty—but of a kindly, sweet disposition, void of all design; and so innocent

in his own intentions, that he suspected no one; so that you might have cheated him ten times in a day, if nine had not been sufficient for your purpose." He died, so to speak, thoroughly. Having been run through the body during the siege of Gibraltar of 1726, in a duel about a goose, he had no strength to resist the country fever of Jamaica, where his days ended in 1731.

This is not all of my Uncle Toby, of course; but the model never is all the masterpiece. Laurence learnt a great deal about those wars. Here is Landen (or Neerwinden). "If they have the advantage of a wood, or you give them a moment's time to intrench themselves, they are a nation which will pop and pop for ever at you.—There is no way but to march coolly up to them,—receive their fire, and fall in upon them, pell-mell—Ding dong, added Trim.—Horse and foot, said my uncle Toby.—Helter-skelter, said Trim.—Right and left, cried my uncle Toby.—Blood an' 'ounds, shouted the corporal:—the battle raged—Yorick withdrew his chair a little to one side for safety. . . ."

Yet battles were less numerous than sieges in the Wars of the League of Augsburg and of the Spanish Succession. Neither Trim's nor my Uncle Toby's military careers extended to the second, Trim having been put out of action at Landen, except as a body-servant, and Toby at the siege of Namur. They had at their disposal, however, plans of almost all the fortified towns of Italy and Flanders, so were ready for Marlborough or Eugene when either sat down in front of one. "His way, which was the simplest one in the world, was this; as soon as ever a town was invested . . . to take the plan of it (let it be what town it would) and enlarge it upon a scale to the exact size of his bowling-green; upon the surface of which, by means of a large roll of pack-thread, and a number of small piquets driven into the ground, at the several angles and redans, he transferred the lines from his paper; then taking the profile of the place, with its works, to determine the depths and slopes of the ditches,—the talus of the glacis, and the precise height of the several banquets, parapets, &c.—he set the corporal to work—and sweetly went it on." Yes, sieges were the thing.

This was only the frame. The adornments and complexities came gradually. To begin with, the town was represented by its fortifications alone. This failed to give satisfaction, so a carpenter was called on to provide a church and buildings, which were detachable and therefore could be shifted to provide the likeness of a different town for each succeeding siege. Then came the cannon, with the effect upon the guillotine window which has already been mentioned, though not, in this chaste commentary, described. The student might go further and fare worse if seeking the realities of a siege under King William III. or Marlborough, just as he might if anxious to know what it meant to be wounded and left on the field of battle—and few wounded men were so fortunate as to fall into the hands of Trim's friend, the beguine. Military detail in fiction is generally either false, inadequate, or too obviously got up for the occasion, so that it makes the tale less rather than more realistic.

Here it flows naturally in.

Another feature of "Tristram Shandy" lies in its illustration of the oddities of association of ideas. Dare I advance the view that Laurence Sterne sometimes makes the reader think—supposing he knows both writers, which is probably not true of a large proportion who know one or the other—of Marcel Proust? Proust, it is true, is continually concerned with association, Sterne but fitfully. Their works are, however, both marked by the absence of the factor of time or, if you prefer it, permeated by the sense of the relativity of time. Otherwise they could not be farther apart. The prose of the one is as artificial as any written in English till James Joyce appeared with some of the characteristics of both. "Tristram Shandy" is full of jerks, dashes, sudden halts, jokes and whims. *A la recherche du temps perdu* ploughs its way steadily onward; the sentences are long furrows, the paragraphs big fields, the whole a vast farm of ideas.

Sterne himself is the most fatal of models, and almost all who have tried to imitate him have been tiresome and ridiculous. If you want a model try anyone you like, from Addison to Surtees and Hardy, rather than him; you would even be wiser to go to Doughty. Yet Sterne's pieces of fiction—which I suppose must be called novels—rank with the greatest in the whole field of English literature. We are, or should be, allowed a little freedom of choice when compiling an order of merit; so that even those who do not agree will not grind their teeth if I say that I can name none greater than "Tristram Shandy": not even "Tom Jones"; certainly not "Humphrey Clinker," "Jane Eyre," "Vanity Fair," "Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour" (put in here as my particular weakness), or "Kim."

TO BE MERGED WITH INDIA? PONDICHÉRY, A FRENCH POSSESSION ON THE SUB-CONTINENT.



SEPARATING INDIA FROM TINY PONDICHÉRY, A FRENCH SETTLEMENT SOUTH OF MADRAS: THE CUSTOMS BARRIER, ESTABLISHED AFTER THE CUSTOMS UNION ENDED IN 1949.



ON THE COROMANDEL COAST: PONDICHÉRY, CAPITAL OF FRANCE'S FOUR POSSESSIONS IN INDIA, SHOWING THE TOWN HALL AND THE CHURCH, WITH ITS TWO SQUARE TOWERS.



ONE OF THE BEAUTY SPOTS OF PONDICHÉRY: THE PAGODA OF VILLÉNOUR. PONDICHÉRY, AREA 113 SQUARE MILES, WAS FOUNDED BY THE FRENCH IN 1674.

On March 20 the Commissioner of French India, M. André Ménard, was handed a resolution, passed by the municipal councils of his eight Communes and endorsed by the Ministers in his Council of Government, calling for the immediate merging of France's possessions in India with the Indian Union without waiting for a plebiscite. The French Government replied that they were willing to let their French subjects decide their own future, but that, since the French Constitution forbade the transfer of French territory without a referendum, a plebiscite must be held. Speaking in Delhi on March 25, Mr. Nehru, the Indian Prime Minister, protested that intimidation was being used by the French authorities to make the leaders of the people of French India withdraw their resolutions calling for



FLYING THE *TRICOLOR*: GOVERNMENT HOUSE, PONDICHÉRY, FROM WHICH THE COMMISSIONER OF THE REPUBLIC, M. ANDRÉ MÉNARD, DIRECTS THE FRENCH SETTLEMENTS.



THE PLACE DU GOUVERNEMENT, PONDICHÉRY: THE TOWN IS DIVIDED BY A CANAL INTO WHITE TOWN, NEXT THE SEA, AND BLACK TOWN.

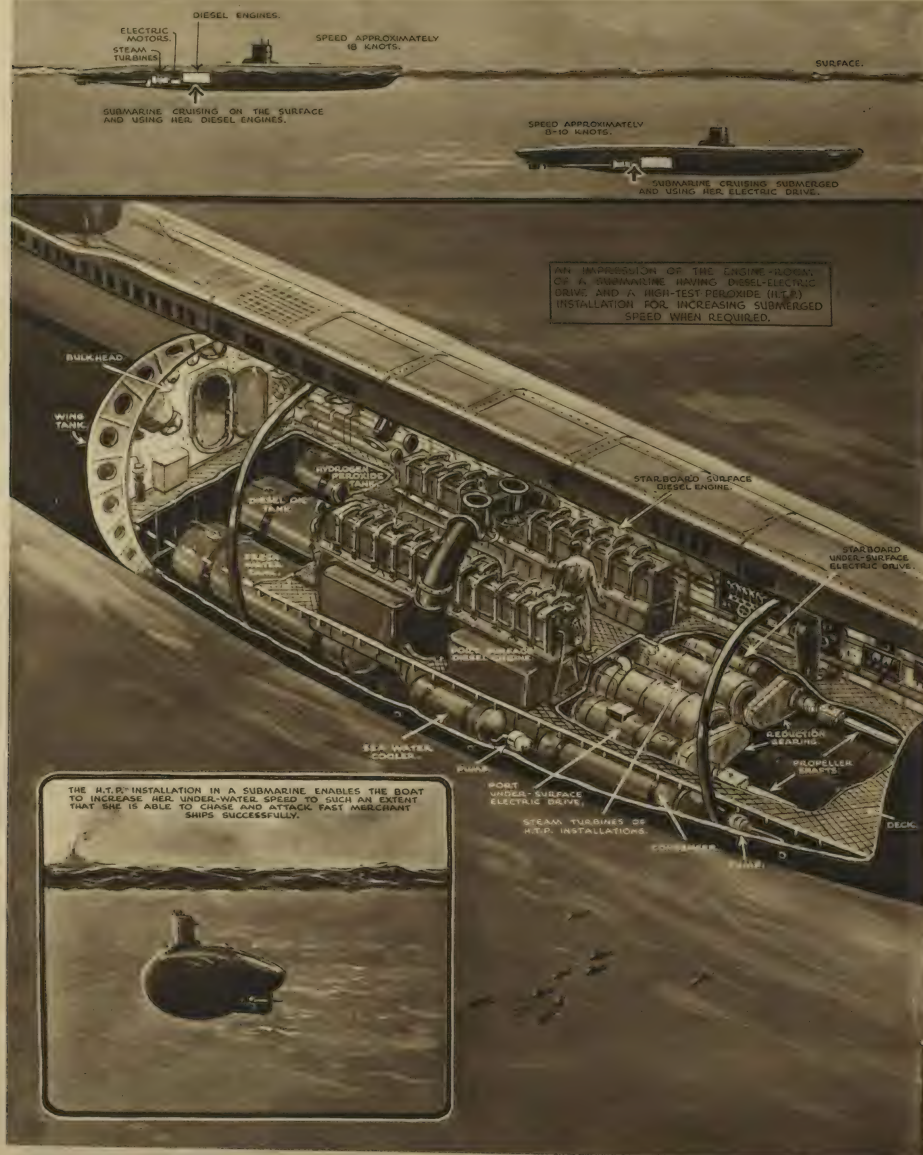


PONDICHÉRY HAS NO HARBOUR OR DOCK, ONLY THIS PIER, 800 FT. LONG. ONE OF THE CHIEF EXPORTS IS GROUND-NUTS, USED IN *CHOCOLAT MENIER*.



THE BEAUTIFUL CHURCH IN PONDICHÉRY: THE *SACRÉ COEUR*. THE POPULATION OF THE FRENCH SETTLEMENTS IN INDIA, OF WHICH THERE ARE FOUR, IS 320,000.

the immediate cession of the four settlements—Pondichery, Karikal, Mahé and Yanam—to India, and cited a report that French police officers had entered Indian territory and had arrested the Mayor of one of the Communes and two Indian nationals.

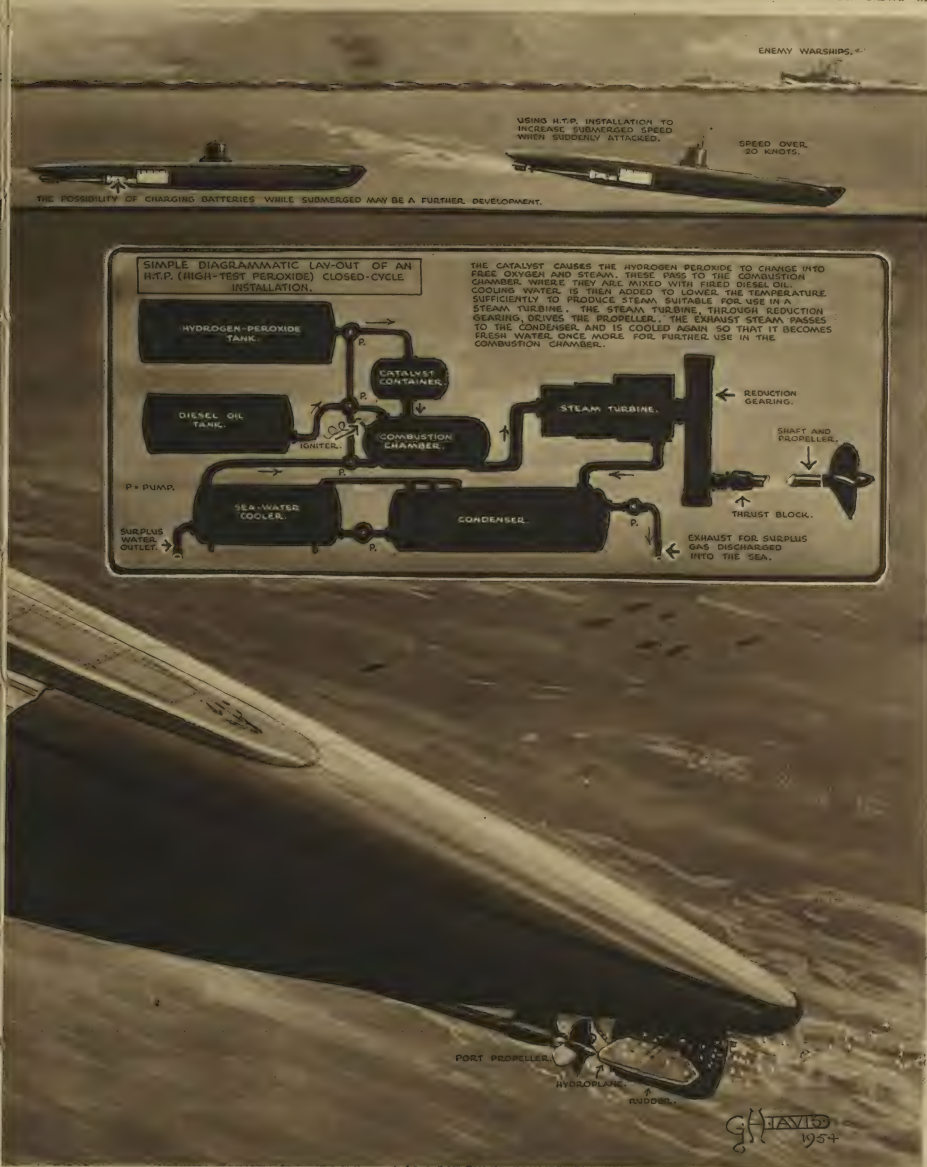


INCREASING A SUBMARINE'S UNDERWATER SPEED TO OVER 20 KNOTS: DIAGRAMS SHOWING HOW

In presenting the Navy Estimates to Parliament on March 9, Mr. J. P. L. Thomas, the First Lord of the Admiralty, stated that two experimental submarines using high-test peroxide propulsion were expected to undergo sea trials this year. The first, H.M.S. *Explorer*, was launched on March 5. The high-test peroxide (H.T.P.) system was originally used in connection with the V.2 rockets built by the Germans and used against this country in World War II. The system was later adapted to the increase the underwater speed of certain U-boats, but was developed too late in the war to be used extensively against the Allies. One such experimental U-boat fell

into our hands and underwent a series of evaluation trials. As a result, the Admiralty decided to hasten the development of H.T.P.-propelled submarines. The drawing by our Special Artist reproduced above does not pretend to show the installation as fitted in our new experimental boats, but gives an idea of how the system is capable of boosting the underwater speed of a submarine, either in attacking the enemy or in taking avoiding action. How it will be used in *Explorer* and her sister-ship is, naturally, a closely-guarded secret, but it is known that the installation is a considerable advance on that fitted experimentally in German U-boats. The

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL



THE NEW HIGH-TEST PEROXIDE SYSTEM MAY BE USED IN THE ROYAL NAVY'S LATEST BOATS.

H.T.P. system of propulsion involves the use of a catalyst—a substance which produces chemical changes in another while remaining unchanged itself. Hydrogen peroxide is passed through this catalyst and is changed into free oxygen and steam. This is pumped into a combustion chamber, where it is mixed with Diesel oil, and fired. The resulting mixture of oxygen, steam and fired Diesel oil, with the addition of cooling water, passes out of the chamber in the form of a mixture of high-pressure steam and gas, and is used to drive one or more steam turbines which, through reduction gearing, turn the propellers. The used steam from the turbines passes

into a condenser, is cooled in sea-water, and turned into fresh water once more for use again in the combustion chamber. In this manner a mixture of steam and gas is produced without smoke or fumes, and is used in a closed cycle engine which generates power to give an underwater speed of over 20 knots, compared with the 8 to 10 knots previously attained. It is reported that the H.T.P. system does away with the necessity of using a "Short" breathing-tube. Little can be said, for security reasons, about future production, but it can be disclosed that in addition to *Explorer* an interim class of submarine, with a better performance than any before, is being built.

ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, S.M.A.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



ABOUT a week ago I was given a book on Rhododendrons. Why it was given to me goodness only knows (or does it?), for I am hopelessly ignorant about these

grand shrubs, have never grown them—except for a few little ones, in pots, together with a few Kurume and other azaleas—and I see no prospect of ever being able to grow them. Never have I lived and gardened on a soil where Rhododendrons were a practical possibility. But I admire them greatly.

My first love was *Rhododendron ponticum*. It still is. That doubtless stamps me, in the eyes of Rhododendron experts, as a crazy heretic. My admiration for *ponticum* started in the days when I wore a little sailor suit on Sundays. At that time we had two large, bean-shaped beds on the lawn, filled with imported peaty soil, and with mixed Rhododendrons, which I never really liked. They were some of the hardy hybrid varieties of those mid-Victorian days, and their colours, chosen at random, no doubt by the head gardener, constituted an exquisite form of chromatic torture. I did not realise this at the time. I merely detested and despised them. In another part of the garden, however, there was a great thicket formed by four or five *Rhododendron ponticum*s. I first realised the beauty of this clump when I looked out one morning from the upper branches of a near-by cedar-tree and got a semi-bird's-eye view of a huge, billowing dome of cool lilac-mauve. To this day I remember vividly the thrill that it gave me. But what endeared that thicket to me even more than its canopy of blossom, was the secret room that my brothers and I discovered within that great, dense, evergreen dome, a living, growing wigwam, or cubby-house. There was no visible entrance. You just parted the branches and crawled inside. Instantly you were safe from nurses and governesses, lost to gardeners and parents. It was spacious inside, but cosy. The half-light gave a thrill of mystery.

The earth floor was smooth and bare, and bare, smooth Rhododendron trunks branched upwards to support the great evergreen dome above. Ideal sanctuary for secret feasts and still more secret experimental smoking, with brown-paper cigars, short lengths of cane, dried lavender, dried tea-leaves, and rolled sticks of cinnamon wheedled from the house-keeper. Those, most certainly, were the days. I still admire *Rhododendron ponticum*, and quite honestly and without affectation I enjoy its cool, satisfying colour. As an eye rest-cure there is nothing like it, after a day or a week-end amid the colour riots of one of the great Rhododendron gardens such as Exbury or Bodnant.

But, as I was saying, when I allowed *ponticum* to interrupt me, I can not imagine why I, of all people, should have been given a book on Rhododendrons when I do not know and can not grow them. But I am none the less grateful for the gift, for it is that very rare thing, a really good gardening book. A book by a fellow who is an expert on his particular subject, and who not only writes good, sound prose, but truly readable prose. One who makes technicalities at once interesting, palatable and digestible. The author, Frederick Street, is a specialist Rhododendron nurseryman whose family have been Rhododendron specialists for generations. His book, "Hardy Rhododendrons" (Collins; 15s.), deals almost exclusively with the section of the Rhododendron family known collectively as the "Hardy Hybrids," as opposed to the more tender species and the half-hardy hybrids. There is great diversity of opinion among gardeners

RHODODENDRONS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

as to the respective merits of the Rhododendron species, and the hardy hybrids. If you live and garden in some warm and favoured part of the country, Cornwall, the West Coast of Scotland, or even parts of Sussex or Hampshire, you may safely grow a wide selection of the enchanting wild species from the Far East which would have no chance of surviving in colder parts of Britain.

The hardy hybrids, on the other hand, may be grown with reasonable safety in the coldest parts of the country, provided the soil is lime-free. The less hardy species, and many of their hybrids, are often exquisite in flower, but untidy in habit of growth, straggly, diffuse, and thus more suited for rather

hybrids, but that is purely a matter of personal taste, and against that choice is the fact that I would hate to live in the sort of soft climate that is necessary for so many of them. It should be remembered, however, that there are other Rhododendrons than the tender and half-hardy species and their hybrids, and the hardy hybrids of Mr. Street's choice: small and medium-sized species which are perfectly hardy and extremely attractive, especially for the rock-garden.

The first paragraph of chapter two in Mr. Street's book explains very aptly what he means by Hardy

Hybrid Rhododendrons, and at the same time it exposes an attitude towards them which obtains in certain garden circles. "It has become popular among the pundits," he says, "to attack the hardy hybrid Rhododendrons. 'The old Waterer hybrids,' 'The old *calawbiense* hybrids,' 'The old Ironclad group' are a few of the epithets with which they are scornfully labelled. They are looked on as relics of a bygone age. All of them, new and old, are lumped together and left in the limbo between the gloom of the Victorian evergreens and the ethereal loveliness of the more delicate species and more tender hybrids. It seems that ease of growth and culture forbid them from being planted in the gardens of to-day. As if only the more difficult plants are the more beautiful, which, as Euclid observed on a rather more dull subject, is absurd." It is snobbish, too, though Mr. Street is too nice to say so.

The book contains a great deal of fascinating information as to the origin, history and parentage of many of the hardy hybrids, including the supremely popular "Pink Pearl." In fact, there is one whole chapter on "Pink Pearl and its Progeny," and here Mr. Street writes: "To a great many people the word 'rhododendron' at once suggests 'Pink Pearl'. To others, 'Pink Pearl' would suggest 'golden privet,' 'aucuba' or even 'aspidistra.' To those with a fair

general knowledge of gardening, 'Pink Pearl' is the rhododendron of rhododendrons. To others, with a more specialised knowledge of the genus, it is the lowest of the low." "Pink Pearl" was raised by the late Gomer Waterer at the Bagshot Nursery. The story is told by Mr. Street of how, just before it was due to flower for the first time, the plant disappeared. But it would not be fair to the author to tell the whole story here. Buy the book. It's full of good stuff like that, as well as practical advice on the cultivation of Rhododendrons, and the illustrations, both in colour and in monochrome, not to mention some clear and useful diagrams, are excellent.

What a pity it is that Rhododendrons can only be grown successfully and satisfactorily in lime-free soil. Importing peaty soil in order to grow Rhododendrons in a chalky or limey garden is just one of the more expensive forms of lunacy. But there are a few species which are tolerant of lime. The Alpine Rhododendron, or "Alpenrose," *Rhododendron ferrugineum*, is one. And there are a few others which have come from the Far East. I wonder what the chances would be of raising a race of really beautiful lime-tolerant hybrids, and whether the lime-hating species crossed with lime-tolerant species might possibly give the desired results.

I commend this project to some Rhododendron-loving enthusiast who finds himself stuck in a lime- or chalk-stricken part of the country. But to get the best results would take a long time, so that a son in the background and a grandson coming on would seem to be an advantage.



A FINE HARDY HYBRID RHODODENDRON, "MOTHER OF PEARL," PHOTOGRAPHED AT CHELSEA 1952, WITH MR. STREET'S DAUGHTER GIVING THE SCALE OF THE TRUSSES OF PALE PINK BUDS OPENING TO PURE WHITE FLOWERS.

"Mother of Pearl" is one of the few successful rhododendron "sports"; and is, indeed, a "sport" from "Pink Pearl." Its habit and foliage are identical with those of "Pink Pearl," but its white flowers lack the blueness which is one of the faults of the parent. The flowers have a delicate scent, which is, however, more apparent under cover.

large gardens where wild or half-wild planting and effects are possible. The hardy hybrids, with which Mr. Street deals, are essentially what are known as "good garden plants," neat and comely in habit, free and regular in flowering, with well-formed trusses of shapely blossoms, and an extremely wide range of colours.

Personally, I must confess that if I grew Rhododendrons I would prefer the species to the hardy



"EILEEN"—ONE OF THE FINE HARDY HYBRID RHODODENDRONS RAISED BY THE LATE MR. GOMER WATERER. IN COLOUR IT IS BLUSH WITH A DEEPER PINK EDGE.

Illustrations reproduced from the book "Hardy Rhododendrons," by Frederick Street; by courtesy of the publishers, William Collins, Sons and Co., Ltd.



"THE INCA PRINCESS"—LOCKED IN A SLEEP OF DEATH WHICH HAS ALREADY LASTED 500 YEARS: THE BODY OF AN INCA CHILD, WHICH WAS FOUND PERFECTLY PRESERVED IN ICE ON MOUNT CERRO DEL PLOMO, CHILE.

This body of an Inca child, attributed to the period 1450 to 1540, was found preserved in ice in a cave at an altitude of 14,700 ft. on Mount Cerro del Plomo, about 25 miles from Santiago, Chile. The finder was a shepherd who has previously unearthed Inca silver images and relics. When he reached Santiago, the body was fairly soft to the touch, but has hardened again after undergoing preservative processes at the National Museum in Santiago. The dead child, whose posture has a strangely appealing effect, has been generally referred to as "the Inca Princess," and it is assumed that she was related to an Indian chieftain who had climbed to that height to invoke the gods. While there, the child had presumably strayed or been lost or forgotten, fallen asleep in a cave and there been frozen

to death. It is definitely asserted that she was not sacrificed. The eyes are closed but not sunken; the hair is plentiful, the eyebrows and eyelashes are intact and the nails are well-preserved. She is clothed in a tunic, with embroidered leather slippers, and she carried a doll carved from shell and a coloured bag containing her nail parings, cut hair and cast milk teeth; and she had another bag, of white and red feathers, containing cocoa leaves. Her age is judged from her teeth to have been about ten. Parallel but of course much earlier cases of the preservation of human bodies in perpetual ice occurred in tombs at Pazyryk, in the Altai Mountains, Siberia, a discovery which was fully reported in *The Illustrated London News* of July 11, 1953.

NOW CELEBRATING HER 125TH ANNIVERSARY: CANADA'S PREMIER INDEPENDENT SCHOOL—UPPER CANADA COLLEGE.

UPPER CANADA COLLEGE (Headmaster, the Rev. C. W. Sowby, D.D., M.A., formerly Warden of St. Columba's College, Ireland) is celebrating its 125th anniversary this year. The highlight of the celebrations was the address given at the Founder's Day dinner (Feb. 12, 1954) by his Excellency, the Right Honourable Vincent Massey, C.H., Governor-General of Canada, whose family has been closely associated with the school. Sir John Colborne, later Lord Seaton, founded Upper Canada College in 1829, the

(Continued below.)

(LEFT) THE PRINCE OF WALES DOOR—USED ONLY BY CARET OFFICERS, STEWARDS AND PREFECTS OF THE SCHOOL. IT COMMEMORATES THE ROYAL VISIT OF 1920, WHEN THE PRINCE OF WALES BECAME VISITOR TO THE COLLEGE.

(RIGHT) ARRIVING FOR THE 125TH ANNIVERSARY DINNER OF FOUNDER'S DAY: (RIGHT) THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA, THE RT. HON. VINCENT MASSEY, AND (CENTRE) THE HEADMASTER, DR. C. W. SOWBY.



(LEFT) IN A LABORATORY AT UPPER CANADA COLLEGE. THE SCHOOL AIMS AT A HIGH LEVEL OF SCHOLARSHIP, FITTING BOYS FOR THE SERVICES, PROFESSIONS, POLITICS AND BUSINESS.

(Continued) preparatory institution as a more immediate need. His call to the Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford for a "cargé of masters" was answered, and Upper Canada College opened its doors on January 8, 1830, within sound of axes ringing in the neighbouring woods. The school flourished for sixty years as a provincial institution, educating many distinguished men.

However, with the appearance of Collegiate, the province considered that the work of the school was done. [Continued on page 528.]

IN THE PREFECTS' ROOM OF MAITLAND'S HOUSE OF UPPER CANADA COLLEGE, WITH A GROUP OF SENIOR BOYS RELAXING AND CHATTING DURING THE LUNCH-HOUR.



(ABOVE) THE COLLEGE BATTALION ON PARADE. IT IS AFFILIATED TO THE QUEEN'S OWN RIFLES OF CANADA AND WON BATTLE HONOURS AGAINST THE GERMAN RAIDERS IN 1956.

(Continued) College being older than both the city and the province in which it is situated. Sir John was a Wykehamist who gained military distinction in the Peninsula and at Waterloo. Upon assuming office as Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada in 1828, he tackled the urgent problem of education. At the time, ecclesiastical and political leaders were opposing the opening of a provincial university; however, Sir John regarded the establishment of a

(LEFT) CARET OFFICERS OF THE BATTALION, BEFORE THE MEMORIAL COMMEMORATING THE 221 OLD BOYS OF THE COLLEGE WHO FELL IN THE SECOND WORLD WAR.



UPPER CANADA COLLEGE FROM THE AIR. IT HAS OCCUPIED THIS SITE IN NORTH TORONTO SINCE 1892. ON THE LEFT, PART OF THE PARKIN BUILDING, BELONGING TO THE PREPARATORY SCHOOL. STEPHEN LEACOCK, WHEN MASTER, HELPED IN THE LEVELLING OF THE OVAL RUNNING TRACK.



BOYS OF UPPER CANADA COLLEGE IN ONE OF THE DORMITORIES. FENNANTS RECORDING THE BOYS' TRAVELS AND HOLIDAYS ARE A FAVOURITE DECORATION.



BOYS READING IN THE LIBRARY OF THE UPPER SCHOOL, UPPER CANADA COLLEGE. THE LATE STEPHEN LEACOCK WAS BOTH AN OLD BOY AND, FOR A TIME, A MASTER AT THE COLLEGE.



AT NORVAL, A 500-ACRE COUNTRY PROPERTY OWNED BY THE SCHOOL WHICH PARTIES OF BOYS VISIT AT WEEK-ENDS. THE BOYS HAVE RECENTLY PLANTED 250,000 TREES ON THE ESTATE.



EACH HOUSE HAS A RESIDENT HOUSE-MOTHER WHO LOOKS AFTER THE BOYS' CLOTHES AND WELFARE—AND SEEMINGLY LENDS AN ELECTRIC IRON TO A KEEN YOUNG CADET.

DAILY LIFE IN THE PREPARATORY SCHOOL OF



SENIOR BOYS OF THE PREPARATORY SCHOOL, CONSTRUCTING A LARGE-SCALE MODEL OF "DOWNTOWN" TORONTO, DURING AN "ARTS AND CRAFTS" PERIOD.



MAKING A PLASTER MODEL OF THE SCHOOL'S COUNTRY ESTATE. WHILE TWO BOYS CONSULT AN AERIAL PHOTOGRAPH, ANOTHER PLANTS A "TREE" WITH THE AID OF A DRILL.



A SMALL GROUP OF EXCEPTIONALLY ABLE PREP-SCHOOL BOYS, NOT YET OLD ENOUGH TO ENTER THE UPPER SCHOOL, ARE SEEN WORKING TOGETHER INFORMALLY WITH A MASTER.

Central and South America, the British West Indies and Europe. To-day 420 boys are in attendance at the Upper School and 275 boys in the Preparatory School. Increasing enrolment and the desirability of separating younger and older boys led to the foundation of the Preparatory School in 1902. The next major advance in building expansion came in 1932 when, through the generosity of the Carnegie and the Massey Foundations, the main Upper School building was reconstructed and the new residences were erected. A gymnasium and a swimming-pool were opened in 1938 and work was completed on a 19-bed Memorial Hospital building in 1952. At present construction is in progress to provide a gymnasium and additional class-rooms for the Preparatory School. The College also owns some

TORONTO'S FAMOUS UPPER CANADA COLLEGE.



BOYS DESIGNING SETS FOR "A MASQUE OF ESOP," A PLAY SPECIALLY WRITTEN BY MR. ROBERTSON DAVIES FOR THE PREPARATORY SCHOOL'S FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY.



SEVEN-YEAR-OLDS IN THE YOUNGEST FORM OF THE PREP. SCHOOL—THE ONLY FORM TAUGHT BY A WOMAN TEACHER—DURING A READING PERIOD, WHICH THE FORM DOC, POGO, FINDS WEARISOME.



A SECTION OF THE PREP. SCHOOL ORCHESTRA—A LITTLE STRONG, PERHAPS, IN THE BRASS AND WOOD-WIND SECTIONS—PRACTISING UNDER THEIR CONDUCTOR IN THE LIBRARY.

500 acres of hilly, well-wooded land in one of the most beautiful parts of the Credit River Valley, 35 miles west of the city of Toronto. Separate buildings on the property make it possible for groups from both the Preparatory and Upper Schools to enjoy week-ends in the country without overlapping. Recently the boys have completed the planting of a quarter of a million young trees in a reforestation and conservation project. Every boy in the Upper School is a member of the College Battalion, which for nearly a century has been affiliated with the Queen's Own Rifles of Canada. This Cadet Corps won battle honours during the Fenian Raids of 1866, when Irish-Americans invaded Canadian soil in an attempt to wrest this country from Great Britain. For two days the U.C.C.



A CORNER OF THE PREP. SCHOOL'S SCIENCE ROOM, WHERE BOYS ARE ENCOURAGED TO BRING SPECIMENS, COLLECTED AT THE COUNTRY ESTATE, FOR IDENTIFICATION.



THERE ARE FIFTY BOARDERS AMONG THE 275 BOYS IN THE PREP. AND HERE IS ONE OF THEM, READING IN BED IN A CUBICLE ADORNED WITH PERHAPS AND THE PORTRAITS OF ICE-HOCKEY STARS.



CORNET PLAYERS OF THE PREP-SCHOOL ORCHESTRA. THE INSTRUMENTS WERE PART OF A GIFT TO THE SCHOOL BY THE MASSEY FOUNDATION. MUSIC IS A VERY POPULAR SUBJECT.

Battalion was the city's only garrison. An Old Boy of the School, Colonel Dunn, won the V.C. in the Charge of the Light Brigade. One of the most consistently vigorous activities about the school in recent years has been the Little Theatre. During the Festival of Britain summer, twenty-five boys and two masters made a tour of Great Britain. They presented Thornton Wilder's "Our Town" in public theatres in London, Edinburgh, Liverpool and Bedford, and also played at Harrow and Rugby Schools and at Wellington College. Old Boys of the College include three former Premiers of Ontario, two Commissioners of the "Mounties," twenty-six generals of the Second World War alone, including General H. D. Crerar, who commanded the Canadian Army overseas.



IN THE PREPARATORY SCHOOL OF UPPER CANADA COLLEGE: AN EXCITING MOMENT DURING AN AFTERNOON GAME OF ICE HOCKEY.



TWELVE-YEAR-OLD PREP-SCHOOL BOYS OF UPPER CANADA COLLEGE PAINTING TYPICAL CANADIAN SCENES IN OILS. ART-WORK IS A GREAT FEATURE OF THE SCHOOL.



A MEETING OF THE FISHERMEN'S CLUB, WITH THE HEADMASTER OF THE PREPARATORY SCHOOL, MR. A. G. A. STEPHEN, GIVING ADVICE ON THE TYING OF FLIES.



EACH WEEK THE PREP-SCHOOL COMMITTEE—INCLUDING FORM REPRESENTATIVES, LIBRARIANS AND TEAM CAPTAINS—MEETS TO DISCUSS THE ACTIVITIES OF THE SCHOOL. (Continued from page 527) and proposed to discontinue it. The Old Boys came to its rescue, and re-established the undenominational school, entirely free from Governmental control, to be operated by an independent Board of Governors as a public trust on a non-profit basis. At this time the College was moved to its present 36-acre estate in the residential suburb of Forest Hill Village. Upper Canada College is the only large independent school in Ontario which accepts both boarders and day boys. The College is one of the few national educational institutions of its kind in Canada. Here boys from each of the ten provinces meet and study together, viewing Canada as a whole rather than as a collection of localities. The College is also international. Boys are enrolled from the United States, the United Kingdom,

A ROYAL PARADISE OF ANCIENT CEYLON—WHICH H.M. THE QUEEN PLANS TO VISIT: A "XANADU" OF 1500 YEARS AGO, REVEALED BESIDE THE LION ROCK OF SIGIRI.

By Dr. S. PARANAVITANA, C.B.E., *Archæological Commissioner of Ceylon, and Director of the Excavations at Sigiri.*

(Photographs Copyright reserved by The Archæological Survey of Ceylon.)

THE rugged mass of granite forming the rock of Sigiri, in the Central Province of Ceylon, rises with precipitous sides to a height of 1193 ft. above mean sea-level—nearly 600 ft. above the surrounding plain (Fig. 1). Seen from some distance, the rock appears altogether unscalable, as if none but a winged creature could set foot on its summit. Closer examination, however, reveals that ancient flights of limestone steps lead up the lower slopes of the rock and that a pathway had ingeniously been constructed winding round the steep sides of the bare rock, making use of ledges cut on the curvatures as foundation for brick masonry. At a point on its northern face, the rock rises perpendicularly for a height of about 50 ft. The difficulty of providing access at this point has been solved by constructing a colossal figure of the forepart of a seated lion, as if the mighty beast has half-emerged out of the bowels of the rock, and building a zigzag stairway through this figure. It is this lion which has given the rock its name of Sigiri—i.e., "Lion-rock." The entire area of the rock's summit, about three acres in extent, is covered with remains of an extensive palace—brick walls, flights of steps, and pavements of limestone, built of materials laboriously taken up the steep side of the rock. Cisterns scooped in the living rock, a throne similarly carved and a large pond enclosed by brick walls are also to be seen (Fig. 7).

The ancient pathway has crumbled down for the most part, and to-day the ascent is done along the ledges cut on the face of the rock to hold the brick-work. For a good stretch on the western side, however, the pathway is preserved in good condition, thanks to the overhanging rock. The parapet wall of the pathway still bears the original plaster, polished to such an extraordinary degree that one can still see one's reflection in it. For this reason it is known as the Mirror Wall. In a rock pocket at a height of 40 ft. from the pathway—the gallery, as it is called—there are ancient paintings depicting profusely bejewelled females rising from clouds. There are at present 22 figures of these nymphs, but there is evidence to prove that originally the rock-face was coated with white plaster to a height of about 100 ft. from the gallery on the western and northern sides and that this whole expanse of rugged, vertical rock-surface was covered with similar figures of divine damsels. A drip-line has been cut on the brow of the rock at a giddy height from the ground, to prevent the rainwater from flowing down these painted areas of the rock.

At the base of the rock, particularly on the western side, are numerous boulders of various fantastic shapes. Among these are over twenty caves, which were occupied in the two centuries just preceding the Christian era by Buddhist hermits. During the period of the occupation of the rock's summit, each one of these boulders served as the base of some kind of structure. The rock occupies the centre of a walled city, which extends on either side of it, on the east as well as the west. On the western side, where the mounds formed by the crumbling-down of the ramparts attain a height of about 30 ft., the walls have a circuit of about $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles. To the south of the rock was an immense artificial lake, the dam of which extends to a distance of $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles and which, when it was originally constructed, must have covered an area of not less than 1500 acres. The rock, with the palace on its summit, would have appeared as if it rose from the waters of this artificial lake.

According to the historical tradition of the Sinhalese, as recorded in their chronicles, the palace on the summit of Sigiri and the fortifications which girdle the rock were due to Kassapa I., who ascended the throne of Ceylon in or about 474 A.D., after having his father murdered. Kassapa attempted to murder his brother, the rightful prince, but the latter escaped to India. Kassapa feared the day of his brother's return with military aid from the continent and, according to the chronicle, it was to defend himself against this impending peril that he fixed his abode on this inaccessible location behind the impregnable defences of Sigiri. But when his brother actually returned with an army, Kassapa

went forward to meet the enemy, and when fortune went against him in the battle that ensued, he put an end to his own life in full view of the two contending hosts.

According to this accepted version of its history, the significance of Sigiri was purely of a military nature. But much of the remains that are

to be seen at the place are not justifiable by military or even engineering necessity. The area on the summit of the rock contains the ruins of only two edifices that could have been used for residential purposes. The greater part was laid out as a series of walled-in gardens. A long stretch of the pathway suspended half-way up the steep side of the rock could easily have been dispensed with if its purpose was solely to give access to the summit. The paintings on the face of the rock, executed with such immense labour, serve no military purpose.

In view of these circumstances, a statement in the chronicle that Kassapa's palace on the summit of Sigiri was like Alakamanda and that he resided therein in the manner of Kuvera, gains significance. Kuvera is the Indian god of wealth, but unlike his Latin counterpart, Pluto, he has his paradise, called Alaka or Alakamanda, on the top of Kailasa, a Himalayan peak sacred to the Hindus as well as to the Buddhists. Kuvera is the protector of the northern quarter, and is one of the four celestial Maharajas (great kings) who rule the world. The ancient Indian belief was that the King, in some of his aspects, is an embodiment of Kuvera. Due to these and other reasons which I have adduced in a paper entitled "Sigiri, the Abode of a God-king" (Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society, Ceylon Branch, Centenary Volume, pp. 129-162), it can be inferred that the purpose of Kassapa in building a palace on such an impossible place like the summit of Sigiri rock was for him to personate Kuvera. The palace, with its gardens on



FIG. 1. SIGIRI—THE LION ROCK—REFLECTED IN THE LAKE OF THE PLEASURE GARDENS WHICH THE CEYLONESE KING, KASSAPA I., DEVISED 1500 YEARS AGO WHEN HE BUILT UPON THE SUMMIT A PALACE LIKE THE ALAKAMANDA OF KUVERA, THE INDIAN GOD OF WEALTH.

abundance of literary and monumental evidence, prevailed in ancient India and the lands influenced by Indian culture, does not appear to have been accepted by the sober and rationalistically-inclined Theravada school of Buddhism followed by the vast majority of the Sinhalese people. In the view of the Theravada, the King is not divine and his authority is derived from the consent of the ruled, of whom he is the servant. It was probably due to the opposition of the established Buddhist Church to doctrines which it considered as heretical that no ruler of Ceylon after Kassapa ever thought of occupying a city that had been built at such great cost. However that may be, after its brief period of glory, the very name of Sigiri was forgotten except by the people of the immediate neighbourhood and those whose business it is to concern themselves with historical records.

In modern times, Sigiri was first brought to the notice of students of history and antiquities by Major Forbes, who paid two visits to the place in 1831 and 1833, and gave an account of it in his book, "Eleven Years in Ceylon," published in 1860. Major Forbes, however, did not attempt to climb to the summit, a feat accomplished by two Englishmen, A. Y. Adams and J. Baily, in 1853. The paintings appear to have been first noticed by T. W. Rhys-Davids, the famous Pali scholar, during his stay in Ceylon as a Civil Servant. Papers on Sigiri have been published in learned journals by a number of British administrators during the last decades of the nineteenth century, but the honour of systematically exploring the site goes to H. C. P. Bell, the first official archæologist of Ceylon. Working under difficulties which can not be realised to-day, he excavated and exposed the remains

of structures on the summit of the rock in three field seasons during the years 1895 to 1897. He also had iron railings and bridges erected at the places where the old pathway was broken, and made the ascent to the summit once more practicable to the average visitor. The paintings were copied and measures taken to preserve them.

In the period of four decades after Bell finished his task here, the site was maintained in a general way, but no endeavour was made further to unravel the mysteries of Sigiri. During the last seven years, under the direction of the present writer, considerable attention has been paid to Sigiri by the Archæological Department of the Government of Ceylon. The remains unearthed half a century ago which, for want of attention, had been once more buried or covered with vegetation, have been carefully conserved so that the visitor to-day can understand their plan and purpose. The city walls and moats on the western side, which were in dense jungle, have been cleared, and the moat to a length of about half a mile has been restored. The moat is an impressive work: it is 80 ft. broad (Fig. 2), has an average depth of about 14 ft., and is faced with

[Continued opposite.



FIG. 2. THE MOAT WHICH SURROUNDS THE Fortress City of Sigiri, here restored at the point where the west and northern sides join and the vista frames a sugar-loaf mountain.

the summit, was the paradise of Alaka, the rock of Sigiri was Mt. Kailasa and the artificial lake Manasarovar. The bewitching females painted as rising from clouds represent the nymphs called *apsaras* (personifications of clouds) who hover about Kailasa and attend upon Kuvera.

This politico-religious conception of the king as the embodiment of a god, which, as is proved by an



FIG. 3. THE REMAINS OF THE GATE WHICH GIVES ACCESS TO THE SIGIRI PLEASURE GARDENS FROM THE WEST. THE SUPERSTRUCTURE WAS ORIGINALLY ADORNED WITH FIGURES OF MEN AND FLOWERS IN STUCCO.

REVEALING THE "GARDENS BRIGHT WITH SINUOUS RILLS" OF KING KASSAPA.



FIG. 4. LOOKING DOWN FROM THE 600-FT. SUMMIT OF SIGIRI INTO THE SITE OF THE ROYAL PLEASURE GARDEN OF KASSAPA I, KING OF CEYLON IN THE FIFTH CENTURY A.D. THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN AFTER THE SITE HAD BEEN CLEARED OF ENCROACHING JUNGLE, BUT BEFORE EXCAVATION HAD BEGUN.



FIG. 5. THE PLAN OF KING KASSAPA'S PLEASURE GARDEN REVEALED BY EXCAVATION AND SOME REPAIR, IN A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM THE SAME POINT OF VIEW AS FIG. 4 ABOVE. ON THE ISLAND IN THE CENTRE OF THE SQUARE LAKE ORIGINALLY STOOD A PAVILION, FLANKED BY OTHER WALLED GARDENS AND PAVILIONS.

Continued from page 530.] stone on both sides. At the middle of the western side is a series of projections which reduce the width of the moat; we can infer that there was a drawbridge at this point. The outer wall, of brick, has also been exposed and conserved to a length of about half a mile. A motor drive has been opened round the rock parallel to the moat on the western and northern sides. The most important work undertaken and carried out by the Archaeological Department during these years has been the uncovering of the layout of the pleasure garden inside the walled area on the level ground to the west of the rock. Five years ago, this area was impenetrable forest and the average visitor was unaware that any handiwork of man existed there. The area cleared of jungle and excavated comprises over twelve acres and extends about a quarter of a mile from east to west (Fig. 4). Without taking into account the numerous pavilions, cisterns, etc., the lengths of the enclosing walls of the several sections of this garden add up to over a mile. The general layout of this pleasure-garden, the only one of such an early date brought to light in India or Ceylon, is unfolded when one stands on the summit of the rock and looks westwards. It is formal for the greater part

and comprises three distinct areas. Entering the walled area through the draw-bridge and passing the remains of some minor structures, one gains admission (Fig. 3) to a walled enclosure measuring 660 ft. north to south by 390 ft. east to west. This enclosure (Fig. 5) itself is divided into three parts, the central one, 396 ft. square, is a tank with an island 75 ft. square in the middle. Causeways leading to the island from gateways piercing the outer wall on the four sides have divided this tank into four equal parts. On the island was a pavilion of which the flights of steps on the four sides are still preserved. The sides of the island, the causeways and the tank were all faced with brick and there were flights of limestone steps leading to the tank. On the embankment at either side of the main gateway leading to this tank on the west are chastely-moulded thrones of limestone. The gateway itself was decorated with figures and floral designs in stucco, as evidenced by finds in the debris near. To the north and to the south of this enclosure containing the tank are walled-in areas, each measuring 396 ft. by 132 ft., not taking into account projections at the entrances. In each of these enclosures were two oblong pavilions rising from sunken pavements of limestone.

[Continued overleaf.]

WHERE SIGIRI'S "STATELY PLEASURE DOME" LOOKS OVER CEYLON'S JUNGLES.



FIG. 6. THE FOUNTAIN GARDEN OF THE LONG ENCLOSURE WHICH LEADS FROM THE FOOT OF THE GREAT ROCK TO THE SQUARE LAKE AND ITS ISLAND (SEE FIG. 5). IN THE CENTRE IS A LONG, PAVED AREA WITH, AT ITS HEAD, A PIERCED SLAB THROUGH WHICH A STREAM OF WATER ORIGINALLY CAME BUBBLING UP.



FIG. 7. PART OF THE KING'S PALACE AND GARDENS FANTASTICALLY PERCHED ON THE SUMMIT OF SIGIRI, THE LION ROCK RISING 600 FT. ABOVE THE CENTRAL CEYLON JUNGLE. THE AREA OF THIS SUMMIT IS ABOUT THREE ACRES, ALL ELABORATELY DIVERSIFIED WITH BUILDINGS, GARDENS, CISTERNS AND A SMALL LAKE.

Continued from page 531.

Between the two pavilions was another sunken pavement and the areas between the outer walls and the pavilions are occupied by a number of small cisterns, the sides of which are faced with brick and the floors paved with limestone. These cisterns were connected to each other by means of underground channels. There are two passages formed of corbelled arches through the walls leading from these enclosures to the tank. Extending from the main enclosure is a comparatively narrow enclosure 78 ft. in breadth and 528 ft. in length (Fig. 6). This is in two levels: the lower half was laid out as a fountain garden. On either side of this enclosure are two raised sites surrounded by broad moats which served as reservoirs on a somewhat higher level. An underground channel runs from moat to moat and branching from this is an intricate system of smaller channels. The water brought along these channels, due to the pressure on both sides, must have been thrown up through perforated limestone slabs placed over small underground cisterns. There are no fewer than six such perforated slabs to be seen in two narrow paved areas bordered with limestone kerbs. The upper level of this enclosure has not yet been completely cleared, but there has been exposed a "sinuous rill" which, for a part of its course, ran underground. The eastern part of the garden is irregular in its plan: it gradually becomes broader by the boundary wall thrice turning at right angles. Within this enclosure, which is on

a higher level, there is an octagonal pond, one side of which is a natural boulder and two circular platforms, very probably intended for ornamental trees. What has been preserved by being buried underground for centuries is only the bare plan of this garden and the foundations of its enclosing walls and pavilions. Imagination has to supply the carved and painted roofs of the pavilions, the bowers, the flowering, if not "incense-bearing," trees and other indispensable features of such a garden as we know from descriptions in literary works. What is noteworthy is the number of sheets of water, large and small, included within the enclosure. The various pavilions must have appeared as if they were floating and their roofs, the trees and bowers, not to speak of the rock which dominated the scene in the background, must have been reflected in the various tanks, reservoirs, moats and cisterns. In this connection, it is apposite to mention that a Sinhalese poem describing the garden in Indra's heaven says that, as its ground was of crystal, it appeared as if there were two gardens, one turned upwards and the other downwards. The crystalline limestone of the sunken pavements and the crystal-clear water which one meets everywhere here must have created an identical effect in this pleasure-garden of Kassapa. The ancient Indians, like the people of Western Asia, conceived heaven as a garden, and Sigiri may therefore be truly an effort to create a paradise on earth.

AT HOME AND ABROAD: SOME UNUSUAL ITEMS IN THE NEWS.



PACKING AIRCRAFT IN AN AIRCRAFT FOR EXPORT: THE FIRST OF TWO AUSTER AUTOCARS BEING LOADED INTO A FRENCH-OWNED BRISTOL FREIGHTER IN ENGLAND.

On March 16 a French-owned Bristol Freighter landed at Rearsby Aerodrome, near Leicester, to collect two Auster Autocars and fly them out to Indo-China. When stowed in the hold of the Freighter, the nose of one Auster faced aft, and the other faced forward, the wings were packed in pairs down either side of the hold. They were ordered by a French firm, who intend to use them in Northern Indo-China for mail and four-seat passenger work.



RETRIEVING A JET FIGHTER IN MID-AIR: A U.S. CONVAIR RB-36H, HAVING HOOKED THE THUNDERJET, IS ABOUT TO HAUL IT INTO THE BOMB-BAY.

The U.S. ten-engined long-range strategic reconnaissance bomber, the Convair RB-36H, can carry a jet fighter in its bomb-bay, release it, and retrieve it in flight. Our photograph shows the giant aircraft having just "hooked" the Thunderjet fighter and about to retract it into the bomb-bay. Behind the canopy of the Thunderjet is a series of latches and hooks which engage the trapeze mechanism lowered from the bomber.

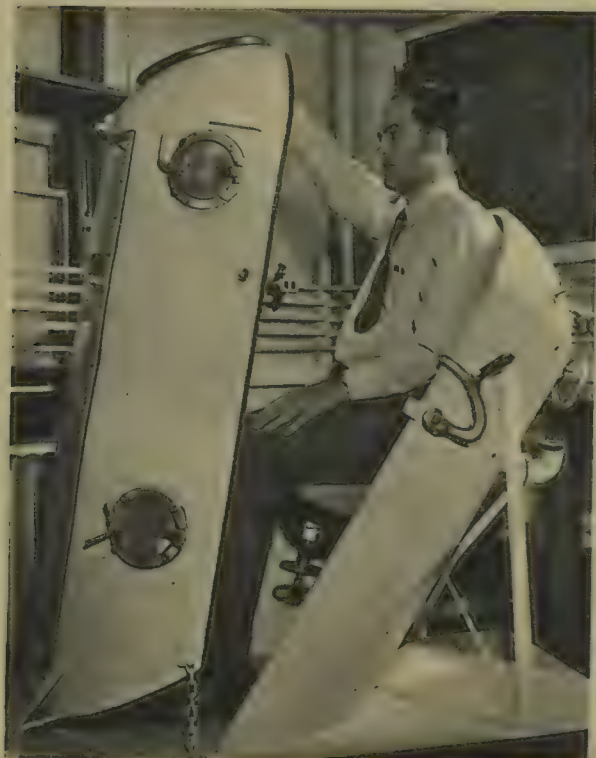


SITUATED IN A SOMEWHAT NOISY PLACE ALTHOUGH AFFORDING GOOD VIEWS OF THE PASSING TRAFFIC: A BLOCK OF FLATS OVER A ROAD-BRIDGE IN WEST BERLIN. A DOUBLE-DECKER BUS ONLY JUST HAS OVERHEAD CLEARANCE.



AN AMAZING HAUL OF MULLET: FISHERMEN AT SENNEN COVE, LAND'S END, WORKING HARD TO MOVE THE GLISTENING MOUND OF FISH BEFORE THE TURN OF THE TIDE.

Sixty thousand mullet were recently caught in one netting by local fishermen in Whitesand Bay, Sennen Cove, near Land's End, Cornwall; it was the biggest catch locally for nearly twenty years. The shoal had been seen in the vicinity of the bay since Christmas and the seine boat, manned by six oarsmen, put out and made this amazing catch. Some fish slipped back into the sea as the bulging net was dragged to shore.



BEING TESTED FOR POLIO PATIENTS IN THE UNITED STATES: THE FIRST "SIT-UP" IRON LUNG.

Our photograph shows Dr. James L. Whittenbeger, of the Harvard School of Public Health, in the first "sit-up" iron lung which he has designed. In it polio victims and others will be able to take a more normal view of the world than on their backs.



HIGHLIGHT OF THE "FALLAS" FESTIVAL IN VALENCIA: A TABLEAU DESIGNED BY SALVADOR DALI.

The tableau which aroused the greatest interest at this year's "Fallas" festival in Valencia was designed by Salvador Dali. It showed an autogyro taking off from a bull-ring with a bull; and a matador with butterfly wings.



DEMONSTRATING A NEW TYPE OF BANDAGE: A NURSE APPLYING A HEAD DRESSING OF "TUBEGAUSE."

A new type of bandage, which is being adopted by hospitals all over Britain, will allow three thicknesses of bandaging to be applied comfortably and securely in a few seconds. It is called "tubegause," and is seen here being used as a head bandage.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

IN AND OUT OF TUNE.

By J. C. TREWIN.

WHILE watching "a tedious brief scene of young Pyramus and his love Thisbe" at Stratford-upon-Avon, I wondered what might happen if some producer, zestful and misguided, were to load the play with every decoration, every bit of business devised across the years. One day (far distant) it may be done as one does a complete "Hamlet." There are no more lines to add in "Pyramus." What we can expect is a monstrous accumulation of tricks. No passage in Shakespeare—and this is only a few pages long—can have been combed more carefully for comic effects. Producers and actors have expended infinite invention on Peter Quince and his amateur dramatic society: always they seek to make the Mechanicals more absurd—and still more absurd again.

It is fair to say that the scene never fails with an audience, though at heart, sometimes, one can weary of excess, regret that a cast has relied more upon its tricks and its "props" than upon the players' personalities. Usually, the theatre is in a roar from the first. Holding their pocket-handkerchiefs before their streaming eyes, audiences declare it to be the funniest thing they have met. I cannot help feeling that the reputation of "Pyramus and Thisbe" would much surprise Shakespeare.

True, in its pantomime-rally way, "Pyramus" is indeed fantastically comic. Even if the current Stratford revival of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" is nothing to get excited about, the hard-handed men fool through the interlude so buoyantly that, once more, we go into the spring night forgetting earlier disappointment.

George Devine has been wise enough not to over-press the business. The cast does not peel all the familiar chestnuts. Bottom and Flute have no trouble with a sticking sword. Quince does not paint the blood on "Thisbe's" mantle. We lose some familiar word-twisting. But there are other inventions: Quince's scroll that will not stay open, Bottom's turban that untwists itself unkindly at the wrong moment, the appearance of an agreeable little tombstone with the inscription, "*Hic jacet Nimus*," and a nice bit of semi-throttling in the final Bergomask. As usual, in fact, the interlude is "very notably discharged" by all concerned; I wished only that Mr. Devine had included Tyrone Guthrie's pleasant idea of identifying Helen and Limander, quite falsely, with Helena and Lysander.

Maybe to concentrate upon these playboys of Athens-cum-Arden is to condemn the rest of the revival by implication. I would say, rather, that this is an average "Dream": neither very remarkable nor very faint. The Mechanicals are likeable grotesques. The Romantics enjoy their criss-cross. The Immortals lack any real poetic quality. The main trouble is simply this: our eyes and ears are not anointed. The night remains unmagical. The cues are there. It should be a "haunted grove," but we cannot respond easily. Oberon and Titania look well—Powys Thomas seems to merge an Aztec chief and a Red Indian—but their speaking is unmelodious. It is the Festival's chief fault this year. Nobody is in love with words. And when the Immortals are not in love with some of Shakespeare's most evocative lines, the "Dream" is bound to lack its rapture. We should be led through the glimmering night.

The Romantics are good fun. Often I have known them to be tiresome, and here they are not, thanks to Barbara Jefford, Zena Walker, Tony Britton and Basil Hoskins. Miss Jefford's Helena, who appeared at

the première to be played "straight" for the first few minutes, goes on to develop a voice like a sentimental ringdove in the passage where the girl reminds Hermia of their childhood, "both warbling of one song, both in one key." Zena Walker's Hermia is a little ball of wildfire.

We come back, inevitably, to the Mechanicals—the toothless Starveling, the dogged Flute and the

appreciation of Anthony Quayle's Bottom-the-weaver. This Bottom is an eager fellow (did I detect him saying "Lissen, lissen!" almost in the tones of Max Miller?); maybe he is not dominating enough at first. The amiable oaf should command, and this Bottom is apt to suggest rather than insist. But his invention wins us, his extreme pleasure in his own mental processes; and, at the last, he is a most portentous Pyramus. Previously, I was unsure about Bottom's awakening, his finding of one of the musk-roses in his hair (predecessors have found hay in their satchel), and his vague consciousness of a miraculous dream. The Stratford weaver, in spite of his eagerness, would not have had even a half-formed vision.

The graceful Motley set, with its tentative trees against the blue or the moon-silver, dresses the stage rightly, even if I did tire of "the dank and dirty ground," the central knoll upon which lovers rage, Immortals flash, and play is played. The music is determinedly un-Mendelssohnian; not that this should have mattered much, for we look to Shakespeare's own music. A pity that we had to look in vain. Let us cheer up: there is always Peter Quince's amateur dramatic society, straight from Warwickshire, strange visitor to an Athens where the Greek lovers watch in a palace haunted after dark by a very English Puck. The play is a heavenly mingling. It could be heavenlier than it is at Stratford; but we need not be too peevish.

The "Dream" is a very old friend. I have also been hearing a play, written probably less than a decade later, that has been unknown to the theatre for so long that we are inclined to regard it as only a piece for the study. It is "Bussy d'Ambois," George Chapman's tragedy about a French gallant who had been killed a quarter of a century before.

The tragedy appeared, to my surprise, in a small club at the heart of the West End theatres. The Hovenden Players, who work at 65A, Shaftesbury Avenue, could hardly have expected to re-create everything in this sultry and complex piece, with its supernatural accessories. They did well enough for us to recognise the play's potential excitement, and I spied the makings of an actress in Wendy Errol, who can stand still upon the stage: a useful gift. (She was Bussy's love, Tamyra, the Countess of Montsurry.) Several of the players, in their resolve to be natural, sacrificed the meaning of the verse. It is clear that one cannot toss off Chapman. Still it was an attempt of some bravery: "Bussy d'Ambois" deserved its exhumation.

We had an agreeably unexpected night at Sadler's Wells where Bizet's opera, "The Pearl Fishers," took us into what Titania called "the spiced Indian air," or, at least, as far as the coast of Ceylon. Bizet, as a young composer, is not at his most masterful here; but we

were grateful for Robert Thomas's tenor—"spiced airs" enough—and for Patricia Howard's resolution to find all there was to act in the part of a priestess in a not unfamiliar tangle. (She escapes with her tenor love; the self-sacrificing bass is to be burned at the stake.) There were visual pleasures. John Piper decorated the opera boldly—this was just the flourish needed—and Basil Coleman understands, as well as any man, how to enliven a stage without too obviously pulling strings. Peter Quince could have learned a thing or two from him.



"HERE, TO OUR ASTONISHMENT, IN A TINY CLUB THEATRE, WAS CHAPMAN'S TALE OF BUSSY, THE FRENCH GALLANT—AN EXTRAORDINARILY VIRILE CHARACTER": "BUSSY D'AMBOIS" (HOVENDEN THEATRE CLUB), SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE PLAY IN WHICH TAMYRA (WENDY ERROL) BEGS BUSSY (GAVIN DYER) TO SPARE HER HUSBAND, EARL MONTSURRY (JOHN WARDEN—CENTRE). IN THE BACKGROUND A PRIAR (MICHAEL SHANNON) IS STANDING AT THE OPENING OF THE SECRET PASSAGE.

rest, led by a Quince, stage-manager and producer, who, as guided along by Leo McKern, can be a tart Quince now and then. He would linger with me more firmly still if the gentle ghost of the late Randle Ayrton did not get in the way. Similarly, the late Roy Byford sometimes gets between me and my



"BIZET'S EARLY OPERA, A SINHALESE MELODRAMA, REVIVED IN A GLOWING PRODUCTION (BASIL COLEMAN'S) UNDER THE MUSICAL DIRECTION OF VILEM TAUSKY": "THE PEARL FISHERS" (SADLER'S WELLS), WITH SETTINGS BY JOHN PIPER AND COSTUMES BY WALTER GOETZ. A SCENE FROM ACT II, SHOWING A RUINED HINDU TEMPLE AT NIGHT IN THE SACRED GROUNDS OF WHICH LEILA (PATRICIA HOWARD) AND NADIR (ROBERT THOMAS) HAVE BEEN FOUND TOGETHER AND ARE CONDEMNED TO DEATH BY NOURABAD, THE HIGH PRIEST (CENTRE, DAVID WARD) AND THE JEALOUS ZURGA (JOHN HARGREAVES, RIGHT CENTRE).

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"BUSSY D'AMBOIS" (Hovenden Theatre Club).—Here, to our astonishment, in a tiny club theatre, was Chapman's tale of Bussy, the French gallant—an extraordinarily virile character—who, at the end, dies upright: "Like a Roman statue I will stand till death has made me marble." The play has come down as the tragedy Dryden so hotly attacked; but it has an exciting complexity. Even if the Hovenden Players could not unravel it, it was courageous of them to try, and we shall hear more of Wendy Errol. (March 14-28.)

"THE PEARL FISHERS" (Sadler's Wells).—Bizet's early opera, a Sinhalese melodrama, revived in a glowing production (Basil Coleman's) under the musical direction of Vilem Tausky. (March 17.)

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM" (Stratford-upon-Avon).—Peter Quince's men in "Pyramus and Thisbe" bore off the evening (they have a habit of doing that), though the Romantics were better than they often are. Oberon and Titania have been more securely on their thrones. This "Dream" keeps its fun; not, I am afraid, its melody. (March 23.)

SOME PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK.

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE AND EVENTS OF NOTE.



DIED ON MARCH 23 : SIR NELSON KING JOHNSON.

Sir Nelson King Johnson, who was sixty-one, was Director of the Meteorological Office from 1938 to 1953. While flying with the R.F.C. in World War I., he crashed because no weather forecasts were available, and it was this accident which interested him in meteorology. He was President of the International Meteorological Committee, 1946-51, when he became President of the World Meteorological Organisation.



CROSS - COUNTRY WINNER : ALAIN MIMOUN OF FRANCE.

Alain Mimoun, captain of the French team, won the nine-mile International Cross-country Race at Bromford Bridge Racecourse, Birmingham, on March 27, in 47 mins. 51 secs., thus winning the event for the third time. K. L. Norris, the South of England champion, was second in 48 mins. 13 secs. England, the holders, won the team event, with France second and Belgium third.



RIVALS IN EGYPTIAN POLITICAL CRISIS : PRESIDENT NEGUIB (RIGHT) AND COLONEL NASSER.

A crisis flared up in Egypt at the week-end March 27-28, involving President Neguib, who is thought to favour a return to constitutional government, and Colonel Nasser, who is understood to oppose arrangements whereby political power in Egypt could be restored to those parties which governed the country in the past.



DIED ON MARCH 28 : DR. FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG.

Dr. Francis Brett Young, the novelist, was seventy. His first novel, "Undergrowth," appeared in 1913, and was quickly followed by "Deep Sea" and "The Dark Tower." In 1927 he was awarded the James Tait Black Memorial Prize for his "Portrait of Clare." His many works include "My Brother Jonathan," "Far Forest," "A Man about the House" and "The Furnace."



HERE FOR TRADE TALKS : MR. HAROLD STASSEN.

Mr. Harold Stassen, Director of the U.S. Foreign Operations Administration, arrived in London on March 27 for talks with Britain and France "on policy concerning trade with the Soviet Union and the Soviet Satellites in Eastern Europe." The talks began at the Board of Trade on March 29. The British delegation was led by the President of the Board of Trade, Mr. Thorneycroft.



THE R.S.A. BICENTENARY : SIR GERALD KELLY (LEFT) PRESENTING THE R.A. CONGRATULATORY MESSAGE.

Congratulatory messages on its Bicentenary were presented to the Royal Society of Arts during the celebrations on March 22 by sixty kindred organisations, some of whose representatives had come from overseas. That from the Royal Academy of Arts was presented to the Earl of Radnor, Chairman of the Royal Society of Arts, by Sir Gerald Kelly, P.R.A.



AWARDED AN "OSCAR" : MISS AUDREY HEPBURN.

The American Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences has awarded Miss Audrey Hepburn, the British actress, an "Oscar" for her performance in the film "Roman Holiday." Miss Hepburn has also won a medallion for her rôle in the play "Ondine," awarded by the American Theatre-Wing for distinguished contributions to the current theatre season.



MASTER OF THE EMPIRE WIND-RUSH : CAPTAIN W. WILSON.

Fire broke out in the British troopship *Empire Windrush*, carrying over 1500 men, women and children, in the Mediterranean on March 28. Captain Wilson gave the order to abandon ship, and the operation was carried out smoothly, in favourable weather, with no panic. An officer and three members of the crew were killed fighting the fire.



PRESENTING HIS LETTERS OF CREDENCE TO U.N. SECRETARY-GENERAL : SIR PIERSON DIXON (LEFT).

Sir Pierson Dixon presented his Letters of Credence to the U.N. Secretary-General, Mr. Hammarskjöld, in New York on March 22, on taking up his post as Britain's Permanent Representative to the U.N., in succession to Sir Gladwyn Jebb. Sir Pierson, who is forty-nine, had been a Deputy Under-Secretary of State at the Foreign Office since 1950.



THE MINISTER OF EDUCATION AT KING EDWARD VI. SCHOOL, SOUTHAMPTON : MISS HORSBRUGH AND THE HEADMASTER.

Miss Florence Horsbrugh, Minister of Education, on March 26 visited King Edward VI. School, Southampton, and was the principal speaker at the fourth centenary Speech Day. The Headmaster, Dr. L. J. Stroud, is seen showing her the School's Charter, granted by Edward VI.



LEADING IN ROYAL TAN, HIS GRAND NATIONAL WINNER (B. MARSHALL UP) : MR. J. H. GRIFFIN.

Mr. J. H. Griffin, a Dublin business man, won the Grand National last year with *Early Mist*, this year with *Royal Tan*, both horses trained by V. O'Brien and ridden by B. Marshall. We show him (centre) leading in *Royal Tan*, with his sister-in-law (left).



CONGRATULATED BY THE COMMISSIONER OF METROPOLITAN POLICE, SIR J. NOTT-BOWER (LEFT) : FOUR POLICE HEROES.

Great bravery was shown by a group of unarmed policemen on March 24, when they tackled a Portuguese gunman who had killed a London jeweller and wounded his assistant. The policemen are (l. to r.) P.C. G. Sinclair, P.C. D. Miller, P.C. L. Bocking and P.C. J. Morrison.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



WITH the tide at nearly full ebb we were standing by the water's edge on a table of rock running out from the foot of the cliffs. To our left, in a small cove, a reef of exposed rock bore the usual cluster of gulls doing nothing in particular. At the edge of the reef the black and white of an oyster-catcher could be seen. "If you see one oyster-catcher," remarked my twelve-year-old son, "you will see a dozen of them if you look closely." Behind us the cliffs rose perhaps 50 ft. "Let's go up the cliff," I suggested, "so that we can have a full view of the rocks and test your statement." "Well, perhaps I exaggerated a little," he retracted, as we scrambled up the cliff. He had exaggerated a little, as it turned out, for we saw only one more on that patch of rocks. However, having toiled up to the top of the cliffs we continued on along the path running by the cliff edge. Further along we came to another small bay, where we could look directly down on to another patch of rocks. There was another oyster-catcher, so we quickly searched the rocks with our eyes. One . . . two, three . . . four . . . five . . . six; and after a little more searching, seven, eight and, finally, nine.

The point about this search, and which gave validity to my son's original remark, is that the black-and-white plumage of the oyster-catcher can be at once conspicuous and also inconspicuous. Its plumage when static, that is, as seen in a museum show-case, say, or in a coloured picture in a book, is black above and white below. The long bill is a brilliant scarlet. It is striking and outstanding, something readily to catch the eye, having no hint of a cryptic colouring, the camouflage, as we usually call it. It is when an oyster-catcher in the wild is holding the museum-show-case pose that the eye readily sees it. Or perhaps it is when we catch sight of it at that particular angle we see it most readily. But, except when resting, the bird is seldom still, so that a plumage having no crypsis when static acquires a disruptive character in movement. The camouflage is not so complete, however, that by careful gazing one may not begin to pick out one after another of the birds. So, "if you see one you'll see a dozen of them if you look closely."

On this particular morning we had nothing pressing to do, so we stood and watched this group of oyster-catchers and wondered whether the colour of their plumage had any real significance, or whether it was that we humans, always looking for meanings, read in

LANGUAGE OF FEATHERS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

were never more than eight, so presumably the ninth of the original count was a small, dark, foam-decked wave. Certainly one would expect that a black-and-white bird standing on a rock lapped

from stationary to flight presents an abrupt change, a flashing signal. The attendant circumstances warranting it, the signal spells danger. If not that, the conspicuous flashing signal, as the bird recedes into the distance, is a strong reminder to its fellows of the direction it has taken. When later they fly off, it is noticeable that they, too, will take this same direction.

More surprising, as we noticed from our high observation point, the pattern of the plumage was a ready indication of the activities of a group of oyster-catchers. Actively feeding, we saw a kaleidoscope of black, with small white patches appearing and disappearing, with red flashes of the probing bills. While preening, there was more flashing white and less black as the wings were moved. Resting, while standing on one leg, with the bill tucked into the feathers, the wings are parted slightly to show a thin line of white on the back. When resting with the legs bent and the breast resting on the rock, this white patch on the back was even more exposed. In other words, to anything familiar with it, such as another oyster-catcher flying near, the pattern on the rocks would readily indicate the nature of the activities at the moment, the mood of the group, so to speak.

Normally, a group of oyster-catchers is indiscriminately scattered, but this was March, and now the birds were in pairs. They might fly off as a group, but they segregated out into pairs. This was an inherent territoriality, not associated with an actual nesting-site, but a psychological condition ensuring that when nesting began, each pair would be the centre of a territory. Even now, it manifested itself by frequent bickerings as when one of a pair wandered too near another pair. After a short scrimmage the intruder would retire. On the other hand, the remnants of a group-cohesion still were present, for every now and

then such a scrimmage might end in a piping party. Two or three would follow each other in Indian file, calling loudly, and others would join the line and join in the chorus. At other times the piping party would suddenly come into being for no obvious reason.

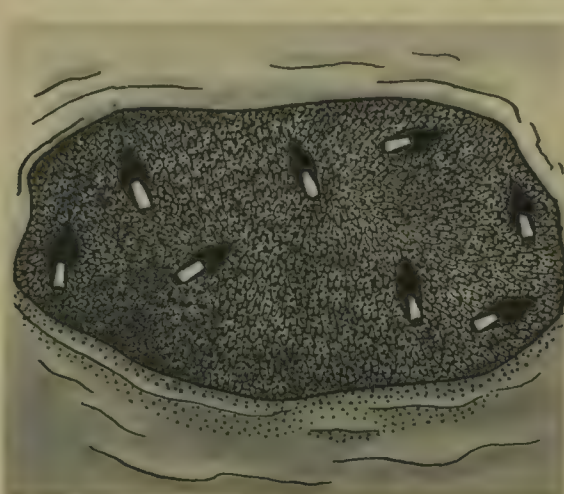
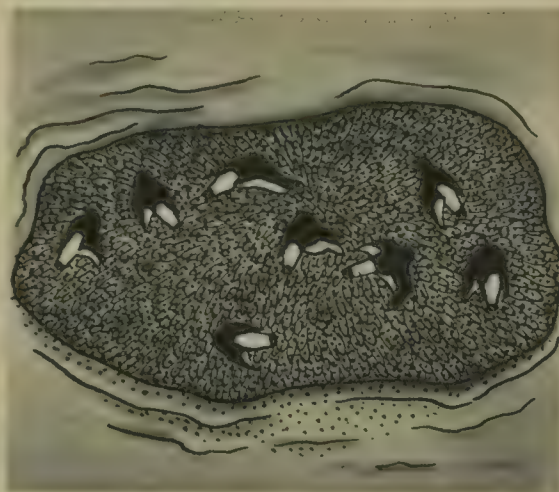
We walked back along the cliff and down on to the shore where we had first seen the pair of oyster-catchers. The tide was now fully out, and we could approach to within 20 yards of the reef in the cove, which had been originally 100 yards from us. One oyster-catcher only could be seen. As we drew near it flew off, and suddenly, from much nearer to us,



SHOWING THE VARIATIONS IN THE PATTERN OF THE PLUMAGE: THE OYSTER-CATCHER, THE SEA-PIE SO-CALLED ON ACCOUNT OF ITS BLACK-AND-WHITE PLUMAGE, AS USUALLY PORTRAYED (TOP, LEFT); IN FLIGHT (TOP, RIGHT); PREENING (LOWER, LEFT) AND FULLY AT REST (LOWER, RIGHT).

by foaming waves would derive some benefit from its colour.

Apart from any question of a camouflage, making the birds inconspicuous to enemies, it seemed that the pattern of the plumage constituted a language, or at least a set of signals. Oyster-catchers are gregarious, and even with their elementary social organisation some ready communication between individuals is



A GROUP OF OYSTER-CATCHERS ON A WEED-COVERED ROCK: FEEDING (LEFT); PREENING (ABOVE) AND RESTING (RIGHT). THESE DRAWINGS, SOMEWHAT FORMALISED, SHOW WHAT MAY BE, IN A LITERAL SENSE, A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW, AS SEEN FROM ABOVE. THE SUGGESTION IS MADE THAT THE TOTAL PATTERN SO EXPOSED MAY TELL A BIRD APPROACHING THE REEF, IN A QUICK GLANCE, WHAT ITS COMPANIONS ARE DOING OR, GENERALLY, WHAT IS THEIR MOOD.

Drawings by Jane Burton.

something that is not there. With our bird's-eye view from the cliff-top a few positive observations began to emerge. To begin with, as we watched, the birds tended to appear and disappear, so that we found ourselves repeatedly counting them to see if they were all there. A guillemot would fly by, for example, distracting our eyes, and when we looked back at the rocks, we found it necessary once more to pick out each bird in turn and count again to make sure all were there. At each of these repeated counts there

necessary. If one flies off, it spreads its wings. Then we see that the correct description of its plumage is: head and neck black, wings black with a conspicuous white band running from base to tip. In flight, therefore, it is mainly white, whereas stationary it is mainly black, the folded wings hiding the white back. To the eye of another oyster-catcher one of its fellows moving

a second took wing. It had been resting on its breast, completely invisible when looked at horizontally, although from above it would have been conspicuous by the exposed white of the back. To our eyes it looks as if, resting, the plumage gives concealment from an enemy on land but signals position to anything flying overhead. There would be obvious advantages in this for a bird brooding its eggs, hidden from terrestrial enemies, obvious to its mate coming in to feed it or relieve it at the nest.

THE PAST, THE PRESENT AND THE FUTURE—EVOLED IN PHOTOGRAPHS.



"SILVER GREYHOUNDS" OF "HANOVERIAN TIMES": ROYAL MESSENGERS' BADGES, PRESENTED TO THE FOREIGN OFFICE.

This collection of twelve Royal Messengers' badges dating from the reign of George I. has been presented to the Foreign Office by the Corps of Queen's Messengers. The collection was accepted by Mr. Anthony Eden on behalf of the Foreign Office on March 25.



ONE OF THE TWO NEW STAMPS TO MARK THE ADVENT OF TELEVISION IN ITALY. Italy's two "television" stamps were introduced on February 25 and remain valid until December 31. They are designed by Professor Lazzaroni, and are the 25-lire violet and 60-lire turquoise.



EPWORTH RECTORY—THE BIRTHPLACE OF JOHN WESLEY—WHICH IS TO BE SOLD BY THE LINCOLN DIOCESE AS TOO COSTLY TO MAINTAIN. The Rev. Samuel Wesley was Rector of Epworth for thirty-nine years from 1696, and most of his nineteen children, including John, the great Methodist, and Charles, the hymn-writer, were born there. The actual building was, however, burnt down in 1709 and the six-year-old John Wesley was rescued from its flames.



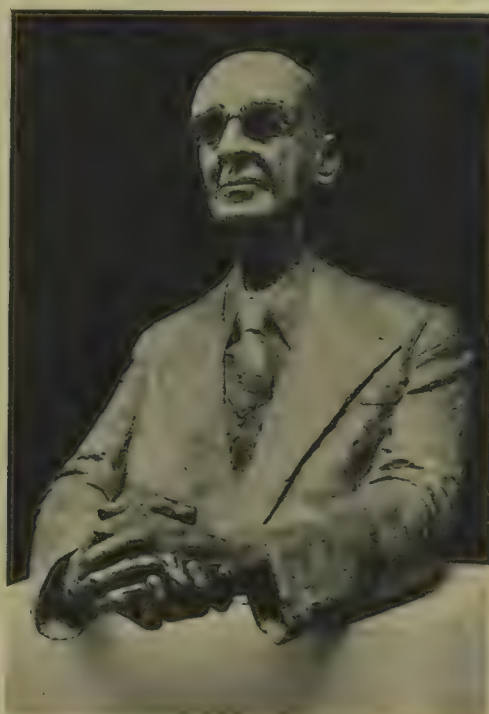
AT THE OPENING OF BRIGHTON'S CENTENARY AS A BOROUGH: THE MAYOR AND MAYORESS WITH A GUARD OF THE ROYAL SUSSEX REGIMENT IN UNIFORMS OF 1854. On March 27, Brighton celebrated the centenary of its incorporation as a borough; and for the occasion hansom-cabs plied, police wore the uniforms of 100 years ago, and The Royal Sussex Regiment mounted guards in the uniforms of 1854. The Mayor opened at the Corn Exchange a Centenary Exhibition. The year will be marked with a programme of special attractions.



THE OPENING OF THE FLAT-RACING SEASON: NAHAR (J. MASSARD) WINNING THE LINCOLNSHIRE BY A LENGTH-AND-A-HALF FROM LAST YEAR'S WINNER, SAILING LIGHT (SIR G. RICHARDS). On a cold day, in uninviting conditions, the flat-racing season opened on March 24 and the Lincolnshire Handicap was won by the French-trained horse *Nahar*, owned jointly by Aly Khan and Mr. L. L. Lawrence, and ridden by the French jockey J. Massard. *Nahar* won by a length-and-a-half, but was being closely challenged by *Sailing Light* (Sir Gordon Richards), who was coming up fast and seemed likely to repeat his last year's success.



PART OF THE FAMOUS NYMANS GARDENS AT HANDCROSS, SUSSEX, NOW THE PROPERTY OF THE NATIONAL TRUST. The famous gardens of Nymans were acquired by the National Trust under the will of the late Colonel L. Messel, and they have been endowed by members of his family. They were opened by the Hon. Lady Nicolson on March 26 and will remain open on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Sunday afternoons until October 31.



THE BRONZE BUST OF SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS, BY SIR JACOB EPSTEIN, WHICH IS TO BE PLACED IN THE CRYPT OF ST. PAUL'S.

Sir Jacob Epstein's bust of the late Sir Stafford Cripps is here seen at the Kennington foundry at which it was cast. It will be placed in the crypt of St. Paul's in May; and it is stated that Mr. Attlee will then unveil the bust.



WHERE A PROJECTED NEW ROAD FOR THE CITY MAY RUN: LOOKING FROM ALDERSGATE TOWARDS LONDON WALL. The plan, which envisages a new road from Aldersgate to Moorgate on the site shown above, was approved by the Court of Common Council on March 25. This bomb-devastated area, 25 acres in all, is known as Redevelopment Unit No. 4 and the scheme as a whole is estimated as likely to cost about £5,258,000.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. BEFORE THE FALL OF TROY.

By FRANK DAVIS.

HOW clever the Chinese are! I mean, not merely clever at making things—lacquer, porcelain, and so forth—but how clever in presenting them to the outside world even when they are not trying to sell them, but packing them up for their owner. I've just been looking at some bronzes which, had they been given to a European packer for forwarding, would have been efficiently smothered in a mountain of paper and sawdust and what not, and would, of course, have arrived perfectly safely. But here are these, fresh from, I believe, the Far East, lying on silken beds in neat little padded boxes, their lids held by two ivory or bone pegs sliding into a silken loop—a pleasure to see and handle, and their contents looking like a million dollars, which, of course, is absurd.

The day was auspicious, for I had not seen London for two months, and I had exactly an hour to spare—and here was the John Sparks Gallery announcing a show of about twenty ancient Chinese bronzes, which took me back fifteen years, before our attention was distracted by more barbarous but necessary matters, for, if my memory is correct, the last Chinese exhibition held in Mount Street was about May or June 1939. Thus tardily do the minor civilised delights return to the world. The term "ancient" used in this connection is not a misnomer, because you and I, who know our way about, have long since dismissed any bronze of, say, the Sung Period (A.D. 960-1279) as modern, and we are a trifle disdainful about it. In this, snobs though we may seem to many, we are, I suggest, justified, because it is a fact that, whatever bronze casting was carried out by the Chinese since about the year William the Conqueror landed at Hastings, has had nothing original about it and merely echoed, with minor variations, the ancient themes. Odd, when you pause to think, that a people so lively and adventurous in the arts should behave in this way with bronze, or for that matter with sculpture. Perhaps though—thinking a little further—it is not, after all, surprising. They used bronze from

and the country experienced one of its many blood-baths, the ruthless conqueror, Shih Huang Ti, who feared neither god nor man, hearing they had been thrown in a river, made several attempts to recover them, but without success. We then, with our age-old preference for portraiture, have to readjust our ideas if we are to begin to understand these ancient bronzes; their forms were hallowed by custom and came down from remote antiquity. Some of the shapes are somewhat clumsy, most are majestic, all are vigorous, and no matter how far one goes back in time, one fails to discover a single example which can be labelled as experimental or primitive;

the bronze to its original condition. Western collectors believe that restoration in any real sense is impossible and, rightly or wrongly, persuade themselves that the marks of age are a virtue in themselves. One thing we are assured is that *patination* cannot be faked—forgers try their hands, leaving modern copies in cesspools, among other tricks, but the results are hopeless.

Of the little collection on show—some twenty pieces—I find myself specially green-eyed over two (I know just where to place them at home). Perhaps the *p'an* (water vessel) of Fig. 1 is a trifle heavy in the foot, but you don't expect eighteenth-century refinements in a bronze which was made nearly 3000 years earlier, and what this thing loses in the minor graces it makes up in—what's the word I want?—solid, sturdy majesty, and I like the circular bosses surrounding both foot and bowl. It is most unusual to find such a piece as this in an exhibition, but I am told there is a similar bowl in the British Museum collection. The *kuei* (food vessel) of Fig. 2 is a more familiar type, with its vertical ribbing and two bands of decoration above and below, but what changes it from an ingenious to a noble shape are the two animal-head handles whose solid projecting underparts provide the perfect balance for the centre mass. A *yu* (wine vessel), which probably once had a loop handle attached to the two rings, also attracted my attention; and the third illustration shows a *ting* (food vessel), with the customary three legs and loop handles.

Some of the smaller pieces are very attractive, notably two T'ang Dynasty bronzes, one a miniature *hu* and cover (for wine or water), with traces of gilding visible beneath the heavy incrustation, the other a small tripod *ting*—also gilded—with two ridges round the body—these ridges known as "hill-and-valley" design. Oddities, but impressive in their way, are a pair of gilded supports for something or other unknown (there is a slot in the upper part of each of



FIG. 1. ONE OF THE EARLY CHINESE BRONZES OF THE FIRST PHASE (B.C. 2900 c.) ON VIEW AT JOHN SPARKS GALLERY: A P'AN, OR WATER VESSEL. (Diameter 13½ ins.)

This fine *P'an*, or water vessel, is one of the exhibits at the display of Early Chinese Bronzes at the John Sparks Gallery, which was due to open on April 1 and will continue until April 14. The band of decoration under the rim consists of twelve whorl pattern bosses and three T'ao T'ieh masks in relief with, between them, quatrefoil flower motifs.

all we possess exhibit a very high degree of craftsmanship.

Maybe some day in the future, after the present régime has settled down, bronzes which will throw light upon the beginnings of bronze casting will be unearthed beneath many feet of Yellow River mud. Until then the great gap in our knowledge is likely to remain unfilled. What we do know is that the method used was not the comparatively simple one of pouring the molten metal into a mould and allowing it to solidify, but the more difficult but more flexible one known as the "*cire perdue*" process, which involves first the building-up of a core of suitable fire-resisting material, second the covering of this core with a wax model of the final vessel you propose to make, the third the covering of this wax replica with a continuous and unbroken fire-proof mould. The molten bronze is then poured in, dissolves the wax, and the outer core is removed when the bronze has hardened. All that is required is a little polishing and smoothing. The discoloration of the surface inevitable in all bronzes which have remained buried for 2000 years or so—the green corrosion known as *patination*—has, it must be confessed, a peculiar beauty, though it is admired more by Europeans than Chinese. The latter usually spend several centuries in cleaning and scouring it away, presumably because, with their veneration for the past, they wish to restore



FIG. 2. WITH VERTICAL RIBBING AND TWO BANDS OF DECORATION: A BRONZE KUEI, OR FOOD VESSEL. (Diameter 8½ ins.)

The decoration of this fine Chinese bronze *kuei* of the First Phase (B.C. 2900 c.) consists of vertical ribbing on the body and a neckband with whorls, dragons and a pair of T'ao T'ieh masks in relief; and the footband with whorls and quatrefoils.

time immemorial for ritual vessels, not, as did the Greeks, for portraits, whether of gods or men; and sculpture in stone was practised for a comparatively brief period as Chinese history goes and then mainly for Buddhist shrines. In any case, it was never regarded by them as particularly important (in fact, was looked upon as not by any means a gentlemanly pursuit), whereas for centuries certain bronze vessels were venerated as the insignia of empire, as, indeed, part of the imperial regalia. So important were they that when they disappeared after the collapse of the Chou Dynasty



FIG. 3. WITH LOOP HANDLES AND THREE CYLINDRICAL LEGS: A BRONZE TING, OR VESSEL FOR COOKING FOOD. (Height 8½ ins.)

This *Ting*, belonging to the First Phase (B.C. 2900 c.), has a zone decoration of lozenges with *leiwen* decoration and spikes. The band under the rim bears three pairs of stylised facing dragons, separated by flanges.

By courtesy of John Sparks Gallery.

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them)—minor archaeological puzzles whose exact purpose is anybody's guess. Some I noticed bore dedicatory inscriptions, but these had not yet been deciphered. I had the fun of seeing the things just as they came in their boxes, and before they had been catalogued. By the time this note appears they will have been arranged in the show-cases and there will be a catalogue which, if past form is any criterion, will be careful and scholarly and leave nothing to chance. In brief, a distinguished little collection which it is pleasant to place on record.

ACQUIRED FOR CANADA'S NATIONAL GALLERY: GREAT PAINTINGS FROM THE LIECHTENSTEIN COLLECTION.



"THE CRUCIFIXION"; BY QUENTIN MATSYS (1465-1530), A FINE WORK OF THIS FLEMISH PAINTER, RECENTLY ON LOAN TO THE NATIONAL GALLERY, TRAFALGAR SQUARE.



"SANTA MARIA DELLA SALUTE AND THE GRAND CANAL, VENICE"; BY FRANCESCO GUARDI (1712-1793), A LATE WORK DATING FROM C. 1780, VERY FREELY PAINTED.



"THE LACEMAKER"; BY NICOLAS MAES (1632-1693), DATED 1655; AN EXAMPLE OF THE WORK OF THE BEST PERIOD OF THIS MASTER OF DUTCH GENRE SCENES.

The National Gallery of Canada has just announced the acquisition for their permanent collection of an important group of paintings from the Liechtenstein collection. It will be remembered that in 1953 the same Gallery purchased from the same source a Rembrandt and a Filippino Lippi. Now, as a result of negotiations undertaken on their behalf by Mr. Geoffrey Agnew, it has secured five more celebrated paintings, four of which we illustrate. The fifth is the portrait of a Bavarian Prince by the German artist Bartel Beham (1502-1540), painted c. 1530, at the same time as his "Ludwig X. of Bavaria" in Rome.



"MADONNA AND CHILD WITH ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA AND A DONOR"; BY HANS MEMLINC (c. 1435-1494), ONE OF THE ARTIST'S MOST CELEBRATED WORKS.

"The Virgin and Child with St. Anthony of Padua and a Donor" is one of Memling's best-known works, dated 1472 and recorded in the "Klassiker der Kunst" on Memling, and also in Friedlander's books on Flemish art; and will be the first example of this celebrated early painter's work to be owned by the Canadian National Gallery. Maes and Guardi have not been previously represented in the collection, and the examples which it will now contain are both first rate. The Boymans Gallery, Rotterdam, possesses a chalk study for "The Lacemaker," by Maes. "The Crucifixion" by Matsys, is recorded by Friedlander.

THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

FILM SCORES OVER PLAY

By ALAN DENT.

VERY seldom indeed are we moved to say that the film-version of a stage-play is an improvement upon the original theatre-version. But this unusual thing has just happened. I can remember, in the autumn of 1946, coming away vaguely dissatisfied, or at least not fully satisfied, with the theatrical impact of Mr. Priestley's "An Inspector Calls." Yet the other evening I came away from the film that has been made out of this play—a film brilliantly produced by A. D. Peters and directed with great skill by Guy Hamilton—with the glowing conviction that I had seen not only (in Hazlitt's phrase) "a complete thing," but also a completed thing.

Let us look back to see what the drama critics said at the time. I am able to consult only myself and the late James Agate, then in his last year of life, but still writing (as he did to the very end) with maximum felicity and perceptiveness. My great mentor was, in fact, so shrewd and succinct that one may quote in its brief entirety all that he said about the play, since the process will impart as much as need be divulged of the film's plot in the least trite terms imaginable. His notice was, in fact, no more than a tail-piece to a fully considered view of a revival of Mr. Maugham's "Our Betters."

"Mr. Priestley works in the diametrically opposite way to Mr. Maugham. Everything that happens in this play takes place before the curtain goes up. [Here I interrupt to point out that this may be one of the guiding-reasons for the film's success.] A girl has committed suicide, and we are told how the proud manufacturer dismissed her because she wanted her weekly wage raised from 22s. 6d. to 25s. How his daughter got the girl dismissed from another job. How the poor wretch had been the mistress first of the daughter's fiancé and then of the raffish son of the house. Lastly how the manufacturer's wife, appealed to as head of the local Charity Organisation, had refused to help the girl. And then it all turns out to be a hoax, and the characters who have been made to feel shame and degradation drop back into complacency, *very much in the way that a man might do if he had robbed a poor-box and saved his conscience with the discovery that the coin was base.*" The italics are mine, to draw attention to an inspired figure of speech which makes the play's whole point.

who was just concluding on the *Sunday Times*—and I find without surprise that I have very little to add to the above, except the not unimportant fact that the year is 1912 and that the Birlings, the manufacturer and his family, inhabit a city called Brumley, which has all the air of being compounded out of such elements as Burslem and Burnley and Bradford. I find, too, that I had far less compunction in revealing the play's big surprise. There need be no compunction at all at this time of day, since the play has now become well known and world-famous—it is particularly popular in Germany and Scandinavia. But

this device, which is much more suitable to the film than to the theatre, put some strain on the playgoer's patience and made some little call on his imagination. The film, using this device with great ingenuity and clarity, calls for no imagination whatever on the part of the filmgoer and is therefore almost certain to have a huge and world-wide success! Is its conclusion a shade mystical for a popular film? At a guess I should say that the spiritual salt and philosophical pepper will make the dish all the more savoury, the more especially as they have been very discreetly applied.

The new Inspector is Alastair Sim, a beautiful actor who repeats Sir Ralph's by no means easy feat of turning an English bobby into a seraph-man, a man all light, a Coleridgean creation. As the victim, Jane Wenham, with no predecessor to compare with, has a piquant expressiveness far more important than mere prettiness. And as the family, Arthur Young and Olga Lindo, Eileen Moore and Bryan Forbes, and Brian Worth (as the fiancé) have the formidable task of vying with the stage family, which consisted of Julien Mitchell and Marian Spencer, Margaret Leighton and Alec Guinness, and Harry Andrews. (For the piece, be it noted, had the honour of being first presented by an Old Vic Company.)

Flying colours? I should say so, almost without exception. Mr. Forbes is particularly to be congratulated on the feat of entirely eclipsing the recollection of Mr. Guinness. The latter made young Eric Birling a re-personification of Dickens's Mr. Toots, who always found everything "of no consequence," and left off having brains when he began to have whiskers. Wisely choosing a totally different approach, Mr. Forbes makes Eric a young late Edwardian—or extremely early neo-Georgian—fellow-me-lad. In his own particular episode, where he meets Eva in a pub, takes her home in a tram (full of nostalgic advertisements), and sits tipsily on her doorstep in the rain, he is quite delightful. Even if he should be turned away, you feel that he will dash the rain from his bowler, turn up his velvet collar, and stagger home whistling "I've been out with Charley Brown," or possibly the waltz-song from "The Count of Luxembourg."

But it is, of course, the angel-inspector's film just as it was his play. Sir Ralph Richardson in the theatre was recommended for giving the part "a stern,



"BRILLIANTLY PRODUCED BY A. D. PETERS AND DIRECTED WITH GREAT SKILL BY GUY HAMILTON": "AN INSPECTOR CALLS" (BRITISH LION), SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE FILM OF J. B. PRIESTLEY'S PLAY IN WHICH THE INSPECTOR (ALASTAIR SIM) QUESTIONS THE HOUSEHOLD, INCLUDING MRS. BIRLING (OLGA LINDO), ABOUT THE YOUNG GIRL WHO HAS DIED IN HOSPITAL AFTER TAKING POISON.

even in 1946 I made no bones about disclosing the angelic or supernatural nature of the visiting police-inspector, though I fear I did not take him as completely seriously as I should have: "For this is a policeman who is an angel in disguise, liable to sprout celestial wings at any moment, just as Private Willis sprouted a fairy's ditto near the end of 'Iolanthe.'"

It would seem that I was then, just as I am now, rather deplorably lacking in awe at Mr. Priestley's philosophy in this piece: "He has some burning things to say about rich Mankind's inhumanity to poor Mankind, and he lets Ralph Richardson's Inspector say them for him with a calm cogency lit with inner fire which almost convinces us that we are listening to a new philosophy originally expressed. It would not be a play by Mr. Priestley if it were not full of felicitous strokes of character. And of these strokes a cast worthy of a far sounder and profounder play takes every advantage." My old chief similarly rounded off his notes on the acting with a glimpse of his innermost opinion of the play: "But the whole cast is excellent, and it is not until you leave the theatre that you ask yourself by what magic dullness has been kept away from this modern morality in which nobody does anything except talk."

We come away from the film blessing the device of the "flash back"—a device we have deplored in a thousand other films. In "An Inspector Calls" the device is used frankly, inevitably, enlighteningly, and as a direct escape from that dining-room which is all talk and Edwardian sideboard. The family's victim, Eva—that universal solace, scapegoat, martyr, provider, convenience—was unseen in the play. In the film she is one of the most important characters, since she is the heroine of each "flash back" and since these episodes are exactly as numerous as the members of the Birling family. The play, without



"EVEN IF HE SHOULD BE TURNED AWAY, YOU FEEL THAT HE WILL DASH THE RAIN FROM HIS BOWLER, TURN UP HIS VELVET COLLAR, AND STAGGER HOME WHISTLING. . .": ERIC BIRLING (BRYAN FORBES), IN A SCENE FROM "AN INSPECTOR CALLS," BEGS EVA SMITH (JANE WENHAM) TO GIVE HIM SHELTER FROM THE RAIN UNTIL HE HAS SOBERED UP SUFFICIENTLY TO FACE THE FAMILY. MR. DENT SAYS: "MR. FORBES IS PARTICULARLY TO BE CONGRATULATED ON THE FEAT OF ENTIRELY ECLIPSING THE RECOLLECTION OF MR. GUINNESS."



"THE NEW INSPECTOR IS ALASTAIR SIM, A BEAUTIFUL ACTOR WHO REPEATS SIR RALPH RICHARDSON'S BY NO MEANS EASY FEAT OF TURNING AN ENGLISH BOBBY INTO A SERAPH-MAN, A MAN ALL LIGHT, A COLERIDGEAN CREATION": "AN INSPECTOR CALLS," SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE FILM IN WHICH INSPECTOR POOLE (ALASTAIR SIM) DISRUPTS A FESTIVE EVENING IN THE HOME OF MR. AND MRS. ARTHUR BIRLING (ARTHUR YOUNG AND OLGA LINDO), WHO ARE CELEBRATING THE ENGAGEMENT OF THEIR DAUGHTER SHEILA (EILEEN MOORE), WHEN HE CALLS TO INVESTIGATE THE DEATH OF A YOUNG GIRL.

The master critic said no more than that about this plot, adding only the cautious hint: "So much for the kernel of this play, the shell of which it would be improper to disclose. Throughout, its author is at his most serious, his theme being the old truth that we are all members of one another." Diffidently I turn to my own notice—I was just beginning then on the *News Chronicle*, in contrast to my old boss,

un-angry poise far more effective than all the thunder he obviously has up his sleeve." Mr. Sim achieves something of this same difficult poise and has a wonderful hint of other-worldliness in his wide open eyes. This actor's versatility is very remarkable. He is very soon to be on view impersonating the headmistress of St. Trinian's in a film depicting life in Ronald Searle's unholy seminary. One takes leave to doubt whether even Sir Ralph could follow him there!



ABANDONED IN MID-STREAM BY TUGS: THE CANADIAN PACIFIC LINER *EMPERESS OF SCOTLAND* AT ANCHOR NEAR STATEN ISLAND, NEW YORK.

The liner *Empress of Scotland*, 26,313 tons, was abandoned in mid-stream by tugs on March 26, when about to berth in New York docks. She was the first liner to be affected by the spread of the dock strike to tug-boat workers. After two tugs successively withdrew, the liner was left unable to dock, because of the high wind, and unable to turn in mid-stream without assistance. Eventually, after a conference, the tugs helped her to turn facing downstream. Finally, she sailed three miles to anchor again off Staten Island.



THE FIRST BRITISH TIP-JET-POWERED HELICOPTER: THE FAIREY JET *GYRODYNE* IN FLIGHT DURING A DEVELOPMENT TRIAL.

It was announced on March 26 that the Fairey *Gyrodyne* research helicopter, the first British type to fly with its rotor driven by tip jets, had completed initial flight tests successfully. The machine is not to go into production, but it will pave the way for a 40-50-seat helicopter known as the *Rotodyne*, a prototype of which is being built under a Ministry of Supply contract.



THE DOG THAT GUARDED HER DEAD MASTER FOR FIFTEEN WEEKS, *TIP*, A COLLIE.

On December 12 Joseph Tagg, a shepherd, aged eighty-six, went out with his dog *Tip*. On March 27 he was found dead on the Derbyshire moors, but his dog was at his side still alive and guarding her master's body. The dog had maintained its loving vigil during periods of severe weather and heavy snow. *Tip* is now being cared for by a niece of the dead shepherd.



WORK BEGINS ON THE RECONDITIONING OF THE *CUTTY SARK* IN PREPARATION FOR HER MOVE TO GREENWICH: THE OLD SAILING-SHIP IN THE EAST INDIA DOCK.

The old sailing-ship *Cutty Sark*, once the fastest clipper on the seas, is berthed in the East India Import Dock, where she is now being reconditioned in preparation for her move to Greenwich, where she is to be preserved as "a lasting monument to the days of sail."



THE RESUMPTION OF THE *COMET* SERVICE: A SCENE AT LONDON AIRPORT

AS "*Yoke William*" WAS ABOUT TO TAKE OFF. The *Comet* jet airliner G-AGYW "*Yoke William*," left London airport on March 17 for Johannesburg. It was the first long flight to be made by a British *Comet* since one crashed off Elba on January 10. More than fifty modifications have been made to the airliner, including the fitting of armour plating between the engines and the fuselage. "*Yoke William*" was flown to Johannesburg by Captain A. P. W. Cane, flight superintendent of the *Comet* fleet.



TWO JIMA AGAIN. THE FAMOUS AMERICAN LANDING ON IWO JIMA IN 1945 RE-STAGED AS PART OF RECENT MANOEUVRES BY THE U.S. THIRD MARINE DIVISION. THE TROOPS TAKING PART INCLUDED THIRTEEN MARINES ENGAGED IN THE ORIGINAL ASSAULT OF NINE YEARS AGO.



A DRY-DOCK GATE IN DRY-DOCK ITSELF: THE CAISSON GATE OF THE WORLD'S LARGEST GRAVING-DOCK, THE KING GEORGE V. DOCK AT SOUTHAMPTON, TAKEN TO A NEIGHBOURING DRY-DOCK FOR ITS FIRST REMOVAL FOR OVERHAUL SINCE INSTALLATION IN 1933.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

IT is impossible to judge a work of art all by itself. One may react, of course, to one's first novel; one may be powerfully affected by the "kind of thing"; but one can't call it a good book. That implies some acquaintance with the genre; even a medley of contrasted styles, such as we now enjoy, is death to critical acuteness. Yet even now pure, unexampled oddity is very rare. When the most *avant-garde* of novelists has done his worst, we can remember something like it—and the critic can go blundering on.

Till he collides with "My Life in the Bush of Ghosts," by Amos Tutuola (Faber; 12s. 6d.). This is the very opposite of *avant-garde*; and there is literally nothing to compare with it, except presumably "The Palm-Wine Drinkard," the author's first attempt. The only way to read it is as children do, for whom a book or poem is not an alterable composition, but as it were an entity. Though, of course, only children get the full experience; later we go too fast, and our reactions are too shallow. This amazing tale would give up even more to a fresh eye—though the effect would probably be terrifying.

It is the story of a small boy lost. His father has three wives; two of them hate him and his brother, and leave them all alone in the deserted village when the slavers come. So they run off into the bush. Then they are parted; and the narrator, who is seven years old, runs on another sixteen miles, into the Bush of Ghosts. Namely, the deep heart of the jungle, not as it is, but as it is in African mythology. "If you enter into it you cannot know the way out again, and you cannot travel to the end of it for ever." It is the home of punishments and fear, of all "bad juju," and of grotesque, abominable spirits in immense variety. The child's first meeting is with three old ghosts—golden-ghost, silverish-ghost and copperish-ghost—who beckon him to be their servant. Then he is bagged most foully by a "Smelling-ghost." Time after time, he is pursued, tormented, changed into this and that, due to be sacrificed or eaten. He is corked into a hollow log. He gets cocooned with spider's-web, buried as somebody's departed father, and dug up by a resurrectionist for roasting. He finds himself imprisoned in a pitcher—all but his neck, which is now three feet long, and an enormous head, with swivel-eyes as big as footballs. This nightmare stuff is not like ordinary dreaming; it suggests opium or fever. But there are lulls as well, and the young victim is adaptable. He is twice married—and, as the husband of the "Superlady," becomes a prosperous young toff, with two maids and a "costly wrist-watch." In the 10th town of ghosts, he meets with a dead cousin who has come here to "establish the Christianity works," and nearly settles down for good. . . . Of course, this tale is by an African; but it is still a wonder. Anyone capable of writing it should have been far too Europeanised to bring it off.

OTHER FICTION.

Now we come home to "Lucky Jim," by Kingsley Amis (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.); and most agreeably, since this is a first novel promising all round. It has a neat, amusing plot, a hero likeable though full of bounce, and quite a new vein of intelligent hilarity, that really makes one laugh. Jim Dixon, the unlucky Jim, is on probation at a northern university. His line is mediæval history, but that is just bad luck; it is the kind of thing that happens to him for being clever. He read the period as a soft option, plugged it to land the job, and is now stuck with it. And to perfect his plight, if there is anything he hates worse than the Middle Ages, it is Professor Welsh, who will decide whether to keep him on. He is in economic terror of being sacked, and some unlucky incidents at his début make it extremely probable. So, in these last weeks of the academic year, he is going all out for conciliation. In view of his ebullient character, this is unlikely to end well. Meanwhile, his scrupulous and feeling heart is tying him up with the neurotic Margaret, whom he doesn't love. And at an arty week-end with the Welshes—what he regarded as a politic week-end—he falls foul of the son and heir, and falls in love with his girl Christine.

It would be useless to go on, without a few supporting sketches—of Professor Welsh driving a car, Dixon combining an atrocious *gaffe* with an illicit hangover, or Dixon on a crawling bus, catching an all-important train. This novel is a lot funnier than many which attempt nothing more. It is much more besides; and Dixon's repertoire of "faces" is the only snag.

"Fanfare for a Witch," by Vaughan Wilkins (Cape; 12s. 6d.), cannot, of course, surprise; we know the writer's talent, and he has now, resoundingly, done it again. This time his subject is Poor Fred—that luckless Prince of Wales who was not merely hated by his father, which might be common form, but beyond measure loathsome to his mother Caroline. "He is the greatest beast in all the world, I heartily wish he were out of it." So George II.'s wife talked of their first-born. Why this unnatural ferocity? Nobody knows; but Mr. Wilkins has a glorious guess. It starts with the descent of "Shems-ed-Douha," the youthful Empress of Morocco, on an English spa, under the wing of Javan Tierce, a Turkish general and pasha of two tails. Then it absorbs poor, natty little "Mr. Griffe," and finishes at Hampton Court, where an old love of George I. is communing with his departed spirit. It is all nonsense, certainly. But every bit of it is right—the ingenuity, the action, the romantic tone.

"Death Under Snowdon," by Glyn Carr (Geoffrey Bles; 9s. 6d.), might have been called "The Birthday Honours Mystery"; for there are three knights-bachelor-elect under the fatal roof. One is the host, Dai Webhouse, known as "the quarryman's M.P.," and one a cousin of his second wife. The cousin has been there some time; but Abercrombie Lewker, the fat tragedian and sleuth, has been asked specially, with hints of some grave problem. On his arrival at Plas Mawr, it turns out that the M.P. is afraid of murder. He has been shot at once; now, he is just missed by a falling stone; and on his walk that evening, he is blown up by a booby-trap. It is a highly guessable solution—but a pleasant story, with a grand storm over Snowdonia and a nice, mountaineering little girl.—K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

SCIENCE AND THE C.O.I.

THE byways of science and learning are many, and I confess that it is not often that I find myself wishing that I were sufficiently expert in some highly specialised subject to appreciate and to criticise one of those rare, but important, volumes that demand a lifetime's study. Indeed, it is not, as I understand it, the function of this column to present to the readers of *The Illustrated London News* works of this particular character. But every now and then one such work appears, of highly developed scholarship, yet so entrancing in itself and of such consummate art, that it is well worth recommending—even if the reader, like myself, will be more than a trifle at sea about the matter involved. I have before me this week what I can only describe as "a slim volume," by Professor W. Percival Yetts, reprinting a translation by L. C. Hopkins of "The Six Scripts of the Principles

of Chinese Writing," originally written by Tai T'ung, and first published in 1881 (Cambridge University Press; 15s.). Professor Yetts has added a memoir of the translator which is most valuable, and helps to put the ordinary reader into this so delicately and exquisitely drawn picture. I cannot believe that there is anyone who has not felt the charm of Chinese characters—those elaborate and (we flustered Occidentals would say) time-wasting methods of conveying thought. It has often occurred to me that if we were restricted to such patient brush-work, we would think twice and three times before gaily setting out to convey to the world our random thoughts on this and that. Professor Yetts's memoir contains a history of the momentous find of Chinese divinatorial archives more than 3000 years old, just at a time—that of the Boxer risings—which one might consider most unpropitious for such archaeological work. Apart from the interest of the book itself, I was enthralled by Professor Yetts's theory that the same childhood influences might have moulded both L. C. Hopkins and his more famous brother, Gerard Manley Hopkins, the great Jesuit poet. This is a theory which deserves considerably greater elaboration—and it seems to me that Professor Yetts is the only scholar who is in a position to carry it out. I have no special feeling for or against the Jesuits—one of the greatest of them, Fr. Martin d'Arcy, has been a friend of mine for many years—and I have always thought that their houses smell more of such homely materials as exercise-books and glue, than of disingenuousness and treason. But Hopkins's poetry is just about as untypical of "Jesuitry," whether in fact or in fiction, as anything I have ever read. There is a great book to be written here, and Professor Yetts is, I believe, the man to do it.

From China, we return home. As an Irishman, I always feel a certain diffidence in commenting on works by Scots about their native heathers—although I am reminded, by the fact that I happen to be writing this on St. Patrick's Day, that in the earliest chronicles of our era my compatriots were known as *Scotti*. (The deductions which could be drawn from this are numberless!) Mr. Russell Kirk writes, in the Batsford series, on "St. Andrews" (Batsford; 21s.). St. Andrews means, to most of us, the home of golf—a university with a somewhat violent feeling about its Rectors—the ruins of a fine priory—and Andrew Lang. I am grateful to Mr. Kirk for enlarging my view of this great and ancient city. Like all contributors to the Batsford books, he writes with both historical accuracy and charm. The Lowlands of Scotland, of course, took the Reformation with even more thoroughness and zeal than the Low Countries of Europe, and considerable damage was done to the mediæval St. Andrews—where the turbulent and unattractive Mr. John Knox was much in evidence. I wish that in his account of modern St. Andrews Mr. Kirk had found space to mention the great Professor Wallace Lindsay, one of the finest Latin scholars of his day, who was so utterly stone deaf that conversation with him was impossible. He would consent to entertain his nephews and great-nephews in his house, and would play one solemn round of golf with them a day—but at home he would never meet them, even at mealtimes! Some of the best of both the incompatible St. Andrews' traditions went to the making of that old stalwart!

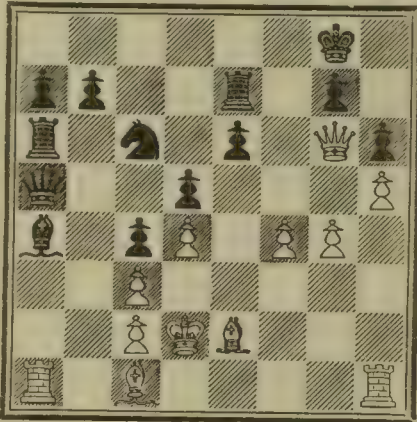
From the Lowlands to the Highlands is a long step, and differences of tradition have made it longer. One has only to compare the photographs in Mr. Kirk's book with those in Miss Brenda G. Macrow's "Torridon Highlands" (Robert Hale; Regional Books; 18s.) to discover for oneself the simple fact that utterly different regions breed utterly different people. Much of that bleak and rocky coast reminds one of the Atlantic seaboard of Ireland—and here again, if we go back into history, we shall find that the early Christian apostles of the Highlands landed on these shores from Ireland a couple of centuries at least before St. Gregory the Great ever made his pun about Angles and angels! Miss Macrow wisely diversifies her story with anecdote and reminiscence which gives us the feel of the country far better than a mere straightforward narrative could achieve. "It is in fishing for the brown trout," she writes, "that the angler seems to come closest to the untamed heart of Nature—to touch hands, as it were, and fried to a crisp and crinkly brownness over the campfire, more than any other dish I can name—why, for those of us who love solitude and the song of a mountain burn, there is no fish quite like them. . . ." That is the essence of it. The Highlands sing, where the Lowlands speak, and both song and speech are, of their kind, very good.

It would, I think, be difficult for any other publisher but her Majesty's Stationery Office to present so dangerous and controversial a topic as "Britain" (H.M.S.O.; 10s.), and label the result "An Official Handbook." Within the compass of some 300-odd pages, this undaunted work, secure in its anonymity, serenely discourses on such dynamite as Government and Administration, Finance, Trade, Defence, Religion and Social Welfare. But however angry this insolent summary will make the ordinary, healthy-minded individualist, it must be conceded that the work has been carried out with a thoroughness and an efficiency which must remain the envy of the less easily classified nations! E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

WHOEVER may win the World Championship match between Botvinnik and Smyslov now in progress, the position diagrammed will undoubtedly have played its psychological part.



It occurred in a game between the same adversaries ten years ago, undoubtedly the outstanding game of the whole war period.

Smyslov, White, has sacrificed a pawn for a big advantage in position. A medium-class player might not recoil from the ugly bogde of black men on the queen's rook's file as violently as a master; but he would readily appreciate the more fluid and menacing postings of the white men in general. There is a ferocious king's side attack coming, either by P-Kt5 and P×P or by P-B5 and P-B6 in association with R-KKt. The only piece available for defence against this attack is the rook on K2, which White proceeds to smite by: 29. B-R3.

If ever a man thought he had won a game, it must have been Smyslov now. Where is the rook to go? 29. . . R-KB2 would allow 30. Q×KP threatening to win it by 31. Q-K8ch. 29. . . Kt×QP would give it away for nothing; after 30. B×R, there is nothing useful Black can accomplish at all.

Here Botvinnik pulled out the move of his lifetime: 29. . . P-K4!

The supreme virtue of this move is that the black rook on QR3, which had previously seemed the most abjectly misplaced and useless piece on the board, suddenly becomes a menace to White's queen: Black threatens 30. . . Kt×QP, the (temporarily taboo) knight robbing the queen of her one haven, KB5. 30. BP×P.

After 30. B×R, Kt×B it is almost uncanny that Black should have, as if from nowhere, managed to cover his K1 square, preventing White from escaping by 31. Q-K8ch. 31. R×B, Q×R! quietly leaves White's queen to her doom. . . fifteen squares are at her disposal, but all are death-traps.

The game continued 30. . . Kt×QP; 31. B-Kt4, Q-Q1: and now Smyslov had, willy-nilly, to give up his queen for a rook and knight by 32. Q×R, P×Q; 33. P×Kt; the material inferiority made the ending hopeless for him.

Such a shock was this snatching away of the cup of victory that Smyslov went to pieces for the rest of the tournament, and for many months afterwards was conspicuously below his best when meeting Botvinnik.

That Botvinnik, years afterwards, decided even 29. . . P-K4! could have been improved on, only shows what a fearfully difficult game chess is. The world's experts, examining the game at leisure, failed to perceive, firstly, that by 30. QP×P instead of 30. BP×P, Smyslov, with the game taking the same trend, could have obtained R, Kt and pawn for the queen, with reasonable drawing chances; and, secondly, that by 29. . . Q-B2; 30. KR-KB1, Kt-Kt5; 31. B×Kt, B-K1, Botvinnik could have caught the queen even more effectively.

with the Spirit of the Hills. Perhaps that is why I enjoy trout, rolled in oatmeal and fried to a crisp and crinkly brownness over the campfire, more than any other dish I can name—why, for those of us who love solitude and the song of a mountain burn, there is no fish quite like them. . . . That is the essence of it. The Highlands sing, where the Lowlands speak, and both song and speech are, of their kind, very good.

Old Houses . . . New Flats . . . by Glass!

THERE IS A PROBLEM which confronts many people today—how to create a convenient modern flat from one floor of a large, old-fashioned terrace house. We handed this problem to architects Alison and Peter Smithson, A./A.R.I.B.A., and asked them to solve it for us.

They chose a house with every one of the typical difficulties, deep narrow, high-ceilinged, with windows only at front and back. Their solution is triumphant. It involves no structural alterations. *It would not be possible without glass.*

Look first at the small sketch at bottom left, to get an idea of the scene before conversion: here you are standing by the window of one of the two long rooms which, end to end, formed the whole space

available. Now switch to the larger sketch, and pick up the thread.

Hard to believe it's the same place? It is—and seen from the same view-point. The living room now occupies the full length, but not much more than half the width, of one of the original rooms, and your eye carries you through the entrance hall, which is an extension of the living room, to the main bedroom and the window at the far end. On your right a child's bedroom, a kitchen and a bathroom have been created. Notice the false ceiling suspended over bathroom and entrance hall, to bring these small rooms to usable proportions. An air-extractor duct makes an internal kitchen and bathroom possible.

Where does the glass come in? Without glass to

allow light to penetrate right through the length of the flat, it would be dark and gloomy. With glass it comes to life. The light from the window in the main bedroom reaches the entrance hall through two sheets of figured glass, seen intriguingly through each other. A light-weight hardboard screen slides between the sheets of glass, forming a door when drawn across the opening. The child's bedroom is linked to the living room in a similar way—and lights the kitchen, too. There are other vital contributions by glass, for instance a living room cupboard (not shown here) has a sliding door and shelves of glass; kitchen shelves and the bathroom cupboard door are of Rough Cast glass, and the bathroom is lined with Pot Opal Tiles.



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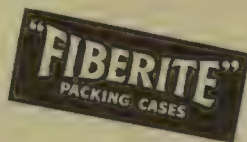


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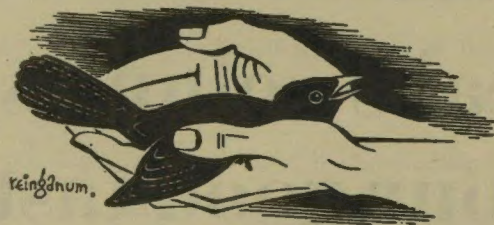
APRIL

FOUNDLINGS

This is a month during which many households will make well-intentioned but almost always unsuccessful attempts to bring up some young wild creature which has been mislaid by its parents. The half-fledged blackbird, the baby rabbit, the young starling which comes suddenly down the chimney like Father Christmas—they throw themselves on our mercy and we take them on the strength. They seldom survive long; the caresses of our children, an empirical diet, sometimes (alas) the cat, combine to shorten their lives; they have hardly been, after much controversy, christened when there has to be a funeral behind the tool-shed.

They have, while they are with us, the rather touching charm conferred by helplessness. They arouse in us—though not in the cat, who takes an entirely different view of their inability to look after themselves—the protective instinct. Their parents spoil our fruit, eat our vegetables and block our gutters with their untidy nests, and these uninvited guests will do the same if they survive our hospitality; we cannot hope for the handsome dividend which Androcles's lion declared.

We do, nevertheless, what we have done in other Springs. We bring out the bread-crumbs or the lettuce, we charge the fountain-pen filler with milk, we shut the cat in the boot-hole. And, very occasionally, we save a life.



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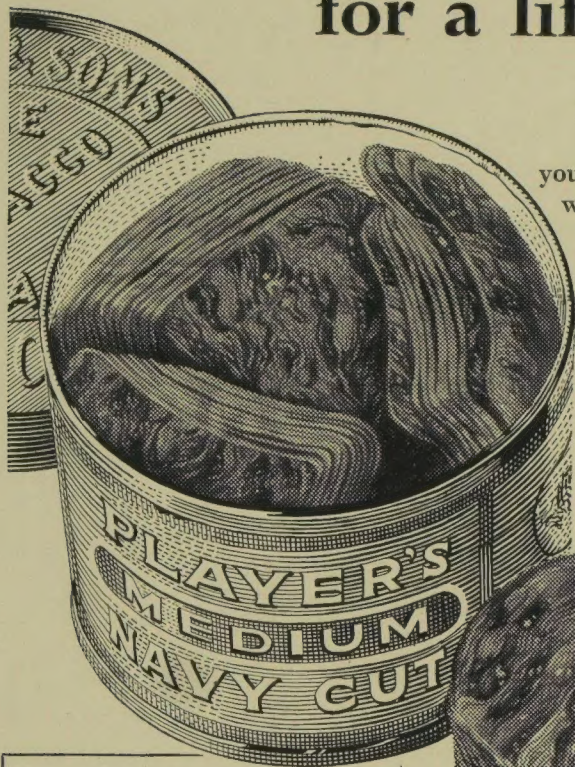


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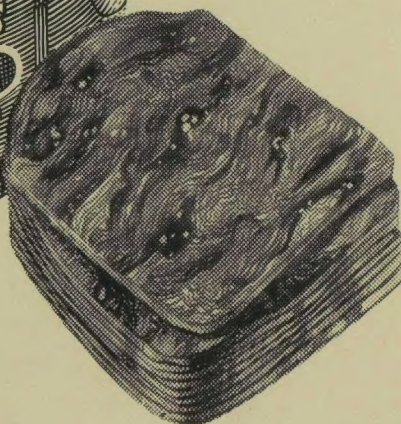
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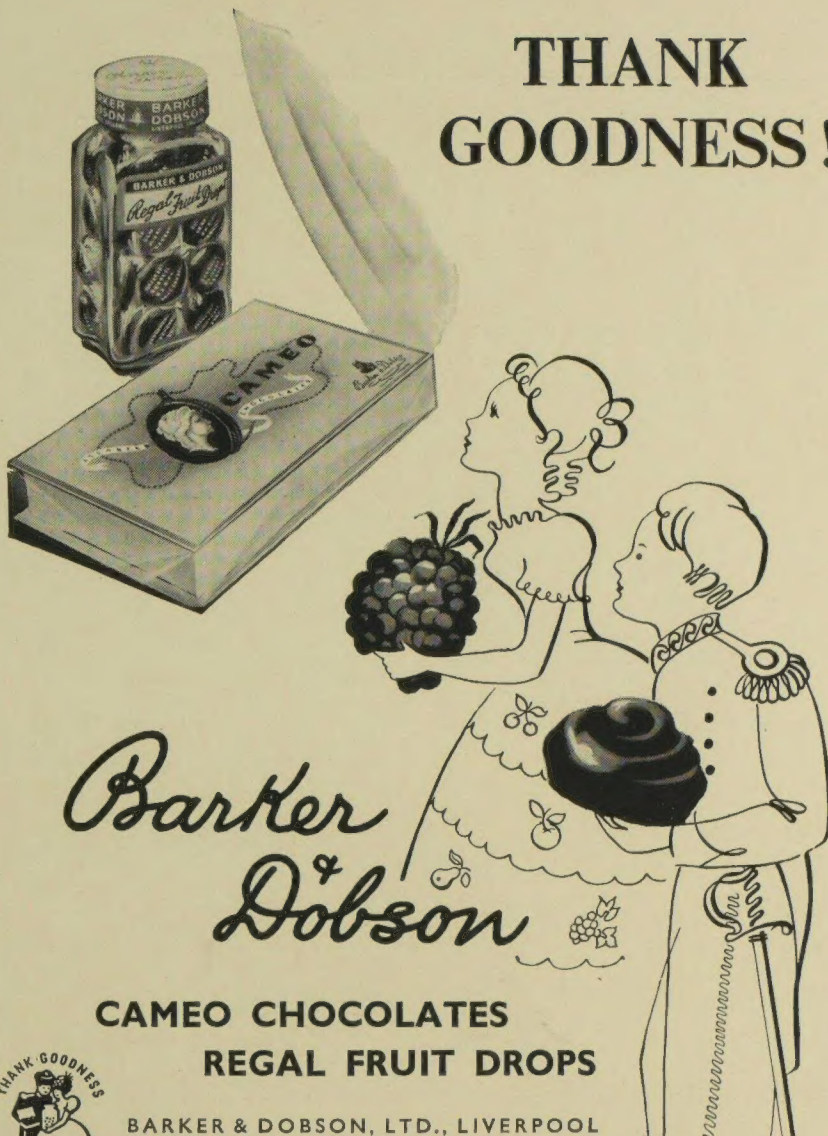
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